

Nameless Foray

by Fareway

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Summary: Hiccup is recovering from a Banshee attack while a small fleet of Berserker ships port at Berk's shores. Daugr's true intentions are unclear to all except Hiccup and now he must keep peace between the dragons, Berk, and the Berserkers before an all out war is called.

1. Chapter 1

****Nameless Foray starts four days after the Banshee was defeated. Its setting is taken place after the season finale (We Are Family parts 1 & 2) of Dragons Riders of Berk.****

****I just want to say, thank you for all of the reviews from It Comes At Night! Over one hundred and fifty! My goal is to make my stories sound like they are the real deal€"and from the looks of it, I'm making that goal! Whooohoooo!****

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

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><p>Hiccup screams and jolts forward in his bed. He breathes heavily, bringing his shaky hands up to his throat as if he were being choked. He closes his eyes and drops his hands back down to his lap; looking up, he reopens his eyes and swallows down his nausea. Toothless gets up from his slab of rock and goes over to the bed side. He coos, but Hiccup seems to not register his presence.<p>

Stoick stands by the steps, woken up from Hiccup's scream, with an apologetic expression. He blinks his eyes down to the floor. Toothless has been nudging him and cooing for a while now, but Hiccup only stares straight or up at the ceiling. Stoick walks over and sits down beside him on the bed. He gently grabs his shoulder,

"Hiccup," Hiccup is shaken from his trance-like state and looks over

at his father. His head drops in shame, but Stoick wraps one arm around him and pulls him into a hug.

"It's okay." Stoick begins to rub his son's arm, trying to get him to go back to sleep. Though Hiccup's eyes are tired, he feels like sleep evades him.

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><p>Four hours later Stoick is in the farm with Mulch and Bucket helping out with the livestock. Since the Banshee basically ate most of them, it was harder now to obtain the necessary ingredients they've once had. The door to the barn was fixed, and with some help by Gobber, upgraded with a sturdy lock.<p>

Stoick brushed his hands together sighing from a job's well done. Mulch approaches and stands next to him, turning back around to scan the surroundings; a check tablet in his hands.

"Alright, that's done, that's done and" he points to the barn, "that's done. All that's left is to bring in the seeds for the chickens." Mulch concluded.

"Allow me to help." Stoick offered graciously.

"Oh, Stoick, you've helped out so much this morning, I" Mulch tried to be fair.

"Nonsense," Stoick interrupted him before he could change his mind.

Mulch and Stoick picked up some bags of seed and carried them over to the chicken coop where Bucket was currently fooling around with the chickens.

Mulch sighed when he put down his bag. "So, um, how-how is Hiccup doing?" Mulch asked trying to get the words in. He glanced at Stoick with a look of worry; news has been going around that Hiccup was still suffering.

Stoick sighed and dropped his shoulders, "He keeps having nightmares; and he can't go back to bed unless I'm there present. I thought he'd be fine with Toothless, but each time he wakes, it's like he's in this trance and Toothless doesn't even exist. He's been getting nauseous too; threw up three times yesterday." Stoick sets the bag down, "He's been getting stronger though, more energy, but" Stoick looks down at the ground, "the nights are restless."

Mulch listens with an apologetic expression, dropping his head when necessary and nodding to show he **was** listening. He was worried about Hiccup just as much as everyone else. Hiccup seemed to be the topic of the week. People wanted to know how he was doing, if he was getting any better, but they were afraid to ask Stoick for fear of walking on personal grounds.

Mulch took a step forward and asked Stoick anyway, to both gain information and to allow the man to vent a little. Things were shaping up for the village quick, but Hiccup seemed to be taken longer to heal. And that struck all of their hearts.

* * *

><p>Back at the Dragon Academy, Gobber had the teens test out their skills in strategy. Now this was something Hiccup excelled at no doubt about it, however, he wasn't planning on actually having to run around an obstacle course with Fishlegs, Ruff and Tuff and be chased by Astrid and Snotlout all the while using the given environment to evade capture. Yeah, this is fun!<p>

Hiccup screamed when he almost, almost, got jumped by Astrid. She used her acrobats to climb the wooden walls and search from the high grounds.

Cheater!

As soon as Hiccup slid to the left of the wall he was flat against, Astrid jumped down in the spot where he once was. Hiccup ran away, dodging left and then right, to avoid capture, but especially to avoid capture by ****Astrid****.

In another section of the obstacles, Fishlegs was slowly walking down the corridor with his hands up at his chest, biting his lower lip as his eyes darted from left to right ahead of him. He was coming up to an intersection and stopped just before the corner. He flattened himself up against the right wall and inched over to the corner.

However, as he was looking in front of him, Snotlout snuck up behind him and when the time was rightâ€|

"AHHHHHHH!"

"GOTCHA!" Snotlout pinned Fishlegs to the ground, then brought out some rope.

Hiccup heard Fishlegs' scream and started to run even faster.

Normally when one gets caught it starts a domino ef-FFFFEECCCTTT! As soon as Hiccup thought that, Astrid came up behind him and smeared his face in the ground.

"Hahaha, gotcha Hiccup." She said as she grabbed one arm, held it behind his back, then brought him up on two legs and marched him forward. No soon after he was in front of their instructor, Gobber.

"Hiccup, you lost." He said casually, and then peered over at Astrid.

"Astrid, you won." Astrid smiled and let go of Hiccup's arm; Hiccup rubbed the limb.

Snotlout came in next, dragging a tied up lump of Fishlegs.

"Iâ€|urh, gotâ€|urhâ€|Fishlegs!" he said as he pulled Fishlegs towards Gobber. Hiccup and Astrid both looked at Fishlegs regretfully.

Gobber sighed, "I told you to ****capture****, not hog tie and drag 'em here!"

"That is capturing, at least in my book." Snotlout replied defensively.

"Hey, where are Ruffnut and Tuffnut?" Astrid asked.

"Oh, I saw them over there, but they looked kinda busy, so I left them alone." Snotlout answered while pointed to the right. Gobber, Astrid and Hiccup all looked in the direction Snotlout was gesturing.

"I told you already, the rope is mine!" Tuff argued.

"I already claimed it when we started!" Ruff argued back.

Both twins were entangled in their own rope, fighting over who had custody of it.

"Well I think that ends our lesson today." Gobber spoke up. "What have we learned today?" he asked the teens.

"Never to give the twins rope?" Astrid commented, gesturing towards the bundle now laying on the ground.

"Yes, andâ€|?"

"â€|And we must be able to come up with a plan that will not only work, but allow us to execute it ourselves." Hiccup finished.

"Precisely. Now I think that'll be it for today."

* * *

><p>Hours later, Hiccup was in the forge hammering down some nails into a hollowed wooden square. Each hit of the hammer's head against the wood echoed a clank into the village; following a rhythmic beat. Hiccup paused and put down the hammer, placing his hands on the edge of the table, he leaned forward breathing in and out. He ran off, around the corner and dropped to the ground, exiting the contents of his stomach.<p>

Toothless lifted his head, his ears perked and eyes open. He was resting in the corner of the forge watching Hiccup work with half drooped eyes, but now that his rider ran away and from the sound of it, throwing up again, Toothless got up and walked out of the forge and around the corner. Hiccup was seen on his hands and knees, his head bent over with pale looking skin and his arms shaking. Toothless came up to his side and nudged his left arm. Hiccup didn't say anything but got up and hopped on the saddle.

Toothless raised his wings and jumped into the sky; Hiccup adjusted the tail wing and they were off.

* * *

><p>I have to stop it here, don't worry Dagur will make an entrance soon.

****Thanks for your time in reading and review/comment.****

2. Chapter 2

****Sorry if there is any grammar or sentence structure mistakes. I'm my own beta reader, so it'll happen.****

****If anyone's wondering, Hiccup throwing up didn't have anything to do with his hammering. It was him running too much that caused his nausea; it just takes some time for the lightheaded and stomach turning to take place. That's what happens when you fall victim to a Banshee.****

****Thanks for the reviews and your love for my stories!****

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

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><p>Toothless touched down on the sand, landing on all paws, he let his wings drop and his rider jumped off. Hiccup walked over to the tide, but stopped and sat in the sand right at the edge of the water's fingertips. Every second they reached up onto the beach, only inches away from nipping Hiccup's feet. He hugged his legs towards his body and stared at the horizon.<p>

Toothless walked up beside him and sat down on his butt. He looked into the sky, the sun nearing the fine line of blue and blue. He glanced over at Hiccup and cooed.

Hiccup breathed in, and then sighed. Looking down, deep in thought, he moved his eyes across the sand. He was nudged in the right shoulder by Toothless, his attention now redirected to him. Hiccup smiled and lifted his arm, petting Toothless' head and scratching his ears. Toothless eyes closed and he smiled a toothless smile.

"It's okay, bud. It'll pass." He said, mostly to himself though. "The nightmares aren't as bad now." Hiccup ceased the scratching and let his hand fall into hugging his legs again. Toothless brought in his once hanging tongue and blinked at his little Hiccup.

Hiccup leaned back and lay down in the sand, arms beside him and feet straight. Toothless lay down as well, curling up and puffing out a breath as he yawned. Hiccup dared to close his eyes, but just for a little bitâ€|just a littleâ€|bit.

Running through the woods, the trees passing him in blurs; with each step it seemed like it wasn't enough, like he wasn't moving fast enough, or sometimes, not moving at all.

Move! Run! Go! He screamed to himself. He dashed through the brush, past another tree, leaping over a boulder, untilâ€"WHAM!

Something knocks into Hiccup's side and he's sent spiraling down to the ground. At least there was a ground there, as now Hiccup was free falling off a cliff. The ground was coming closerâ€|closerâ€|closerâ€|until he hitâ€"

Hiccup's body jolted awake, his eyes shooting right open as he grunted. Toothless opened one eye and raised one ear. Hiccup sat up and whistled a sigh, he glanced up at the horizon again, this time the sun was half way gone behind the blue waters.

How long was I asleep? He thought as he peered around him once more. His eyes landed on a small white figure laying in the sand to the left. He furrowed his eye brows and tilted his head in curiosity.

"Uhâ€|?" he got up, Toothless lifting his head, and walked over towards it. As he got closer the figure took the shape of a flat round disc. Hiccup knelt on his knees and gently picked up the disc. But it wasn't a disc, there was a rounded star etched into its surface with a few oval shaped holes around it.

"A sand dollar!" he exclaimed. "I remember Trader Johann talking about these." He flipped it, once, twice, examining its shape, the colors, the "doodles" of a star. It was mostly white, but a little bit of gold was splashed on the opposite side and around the edges.

"Hey Toothless!" Hiccup called to his dragon, getting up off his knees and running back over to Toothless. "Look," he stretched out his hand and showed Toothless the white treasure. Toothless tilted his head and sniffed the item. "It's a sand dollar. Apparently they bring you good luck. Not necessarily a good luck stone, but one of same I guess." He held it up at the sun, blocking it in his field of vision. "Come on, let's go back and show everyone else." He hopped onto Toothless' saddle; Toothless stood up, raised his wings and was off into the sky.

* * *

><p>Stoick walked down to the forge hoping to find Hiccup there. Upon arriving, however, he was met with an empty sight. He sighed and bowed his shoulders, but raised them again when he heard a Night Fury calling echoing outside.<p>

Toothless landed right at the entrance to the forge; Hiccup leaped off with a white disc in his hands. He walked up to his father, eyes still placed at the object in his hands.

"I've been looking all over for you, son." Stoick glanced down at the object Hiccup was so fixated on. "What do have there?"

"It's a sand dollar." Hiccup held it out, "I found it on the beach." Stoick picked up the dollar and flipped it a couple times, eyes squinted as he thought.

"Hmm, don't they bring good luck when you find one?" He asked, handing back the sand dollar.

"That's what Trader Johann said." Hiccup replied, taking his treasure back into his hands. He walked into the forge and placed the dollar on an empty shelf for the time being. After he was sure it'd be safe up there, he went back to the table and continued on the project before; picking up the hammer and hammering the rest of the nails in. As soon as he was done, he grabbed a large piece of cloth and laid it

out over the square, measured, then flipped it so that the square was on top of the cloth. He folded the ends and nailed the cloth to the wood.

Stoick came up to him, "What'cha working on?"

"Bucket asked me earlier today if I'd make him something to paint on. Apparently he used up all of our shields and still has loads more of _artistic_ genius." Hiccup replied. Stoick laughed heartily.

"Yep, that's Bucket for ya. And you're making this for him? Why uh-why is there no middle?" he asked pointed to the emptiness behind the cloth.

"Well I figured it'd absorb the paint more and not smear as much if it got wet. Andâ€¦" He lifted it up so it was placed vertically. "If I put a screw here," he pointed to the left side of the wood, "another here," he pointed to the right side of the wood, "and a fiber wire here," he pointed to the area in between, "we can hang it without seeing the wire."

"Hmmm," Stoick replied. "Why is it square?"

"It's a lot easier to construct a square then a circle, dad." Hiccup replied casually.

"Haha, true, very true." He looked outside and saw the light fading away. "Come on, food's waiting in the Great Hall for ya." He waved Hiccup to follow him.

He finished up the canvas and reached up for his sand dollar.
"Coming,"

* * *

><p>Chit chatter was moving from Viking to Viking, most having eaten already, as they talked, gossiped and informed. Evidently, some conversations were about Hiccup, nothing bad, just some ideas of his health and opinions on the Banshee.<p>

Stoick and Hiccup walked into the commotion, Hiccup carrying a large square canvas in one hand and his sand dollar in the other. Stoick took the lead and guided the two through the crowd and up to the throne where Gobber and other older Vikings lingered.

As the two passed, a woman talking to a man, smiling and laughing at his joke took notice of them and said hello.

"Hello, chief." Stoick smiled and nodded, continuing forward.

"Hi Hiccup." She said, Hiccup smiled and said hello back. The lady turned her head back to the man she was talking to when the chief and heir left.

"â€¦Neh, nothing to worry about." Mulch replied to Sven's question on the progress with the livestock. "We had help from Stoick this morningâ€¦" Mulch glanced to his left, "speaking of whom, here he is." A chorus a 'hey's broke and the men greeted each other.

"Bucket," Hiccup called, getting Bucket's attention.

"Hey! My little, thing-yâ€|!"

"Canvas," Hiccup corrected him and handed possession of it over to Bucket.

"Yes, that. I'm going to go paint on it right now!" he said with a heartfelt smile and left the group.

Astrid squeezed her way through the crowd and grabbed Hiccup's arm.

"I'm going to steal him now." She said as she smiled at the adults and playfully dragged Hiccup into the crowd and out of view. She let go after they were out of view of everyone and allowed Hiccup to re-balance himself.

"Eh, Astrid," Hiccup said as he held his head, "don't tug me threw a crowd too fast."

"Sorry," she said smiling and chuckling.

"Oh, hey; look what I found." Hiccup handed her the sand dollar.

"What is it?" she asked as she took it gently into her own hands.

"It's a sand dollar. They say it brings good luck."

"Ha, well it's a good thing _you_ found it, because you definitely need luck." Hiccup smiled and chuckled at her joke. She smiled back and handed him his treasure. "Come on, the others are over here." The two walked towards the benches. "Aren't you hungry?" Astrid asked.

"Oh, most definitelyâ€|" Hiccup replied.

* * *

><p>The waves banged against the wooden bows of the small Berserker ship; barnacles lined on its edges. Five armed Berserker soldiers stood straight and alert while their leader peered over the horizon.<p>

"Dagur," one said approaching and standing firmly beside him. "We are approaching Berk soon. We'll probably make sight first thing in the morning."

"Good, good." He replied. The guard left and Dagur continued to stare out into the night sky. He twirled a knife in his left hand, his right bandaged up.

If Hiccup refusesâ€|

I call warâ€|

If Hiccup compliesâ€|

I call warâ€|

If Hiccup loosesâ€|

I call warâ€|

Either way, Hiccup dies

He sang in his head as he smiled at the thought.

3. Chapter 3

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

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><p>The fishermen were sent into a panic frenzy as they scrambled to port their ships, hoping that the guards at the towers would see them as well. Their hopes were answered as a loud booming; low blow of the horn announced the arrival of another. Most, at first thought it was a guest, however after hearing the news from some of the fishermen, they gasped and panickedâ€"it wasn't a guest, it was an unexpected arrival of a now allied tribe.

Stoick and Gobber ran up to one of the guards near the shore lines, the guard himself dashing across the bridge and up to his chief.

"What happened, why was the horn blown?" Stoick asked, demanding for answers of the panic.

The guard stopped to catch his breath, "Weâ€|just gotâ€| wordâ€|" he cleared his voice and deeply breathed in and out, "Berserker ships have been seen off the coast."

"Dagur?!" Stoick asked surprised and rather shocked.

"Uh, he's not suppose to come back, right?" Gobber asked leaning towards Stoick as the question was for him. Stoick shook his head,

"I have enough problems to deal as it is!" he said mainly to himself. He quickly veered around to announce the crowd.

"Everyone!" he said, cupping his hands at his mouth to allow his voice better heard over the sudden commotion. "Gather up your dragons and move them into the forests; HURRY!" The people did just that, stroking the confused serpents and gently, but quickly, herding them into the foliage.

Stoick turned back to Gobber, "Where's Hiccup?"

* * *

><p>Toothless and Hiccup, along with Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut and their dragons were flying playfully through the trees testing their skills on maneuvering. Of course Toothless and Hiccup excelled at this, but the other teensâ€"Ruff, Tuff, Snotlout and Fishlegsâ€"were having trouble. Astrid was doing quite

fine for her first try; then again, she always had no trouble with many things.<p>

Hiccup looked back at the progress with the twins and sighed, rolling his eyes. Toothless flew back to them so that they were side by side.

"Guys, you need to work to-get-her." He emphasized. Ruff and Tuff weren't paying attention, all they were doing was fighting over which way to turn and throwing poor Barf and Belch's heads in every direction.

"Guys, are you not listening to me?" he tried to get their attention, but it was failing. "I'm surprised you haven't craâ€" Just as Hiccup mentioned this, Barf and Belch, whose heads were apparent, Barf trying to go to the right as Belch tried to go to the left, collided with a thick tree right in between the two.

"Uh, no; I spoke too soon." Hiccup said casually and decided to leave them to work it out. He and Toothless moved upwards, above the trees. There he found Fishlegs and Meatlug.

"Uh, Fishlegs; you're suppose to maneuver through the trees, not above them."

"Huh, oh, yeah; I was going to get to that." Fishlegs replied sheepishly. However, neither him nor Meatlug changed their directions and continued to fly in their present path.

Hiccup sighed, "Fishelgs, you're never going to learn unless you try."

"I can't do that, Hiccup. Those trees are too close together and I've already crashed into them on more than one occasion."

"You can do it, practice makes perfect; come on." Fishlegs just pouted. Hiccup sighed again, "Fine, fine, but next time you have to try." And with that he flew forward to find Astrid and Snotlout.

Snotlout screamed as he yet again barely dodged one of Stormfly's deadly spikes. He and Hookfang were dodging trees left and right, trying to get away from a screaming Astrid.

"Come on, come on; dodge those trees; you call yourself a Viking?! My grandmother could do a better job than that!" Astrid yelled as she and Stormfly easily kept up with the two hot heads. She was smiling and laughing, thoroughly enjoying herself.

Hiccup and Toothless flew down next to them, "Astrid, what are you doing?" he asked completely confused.

"I'm teaching Snotlout how to maneuver through the trees." She said right before Stormfly whipped another round of spikes at Hookfang and Snotlout. They barely hit their target.

"By throwing poisonous spikes at them?" he was definitely not following Astrid's methods.

"Yeah, it's fun! And seeing Snotlout cry like a baby just makes it

all the more better."

Unfortunately for Snotlout, he and Hookfang ran into a tree and crashed into the ground; with some style surprisingly. Toothless and Stormfly landed next to him, their riders jumping off.

"You failed." Astrid said rather simply as she crossed her arms over her chest.

Snotlout, whose legs were stuck underneath Hookfang's upside down body, groaned and looked up exhausted.

"Ugh, can I have Hiccup teach me from now on?" he whined. Hiccup and Astrid looked and smiled at each other. Fishlegs and Meatlug landed beside them while the twins with their dragon crash landed beside them.

A loud booming; low blow of a horn echoed through the trees and hit the ears of the teens. Their heads lifted up to the sound and they instantly knew something was wrong.

"Uhâ€|" Fishlegs said as he looked left and right.

"That can't be good." Hiccup said and got back on Toothless, the others doing the same before they all left towards the village.

* * *

><p>As soon as they reached the village, most of the dragons were being escorted into the woods they just came out of. Confusion was written all over their faces, Hiccup's especially. Hiccup looked around for his dad.<p>

"There!" he said, pointing below him.

Stoick turned and looked up as he heard Toothless roaring, watching as the teens landed. Hiccup jumped off of Toothless and ran up to him,

"Dad, what's going on?"

"Hiccup, there you are. I've been looking all over for you."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"It's the dragons; we need to herd them somewhere and quick!"

"Why do the dragonsâ€|?" Hiccup was interrupted.

"Berserker ships have been spotted right off of our shores."

"What?!"

"I have no idea why Dagur decided to come backâ€|

I may know whyâ€| Hiccup thought with wide eyes.

â€|but we need to get the dragons out of sight." Stoick finished.

"The caves! We could hide them in the caves under the village." Astrid suggested. The others agreed happily, all except Hiccup who was still trying to get over the fact that Dagur was here.

"Hiccup," Hiccup lifted his head towards his father, "You get your dragons in the cave pronto! We don't need a Berseker skirmish." Stoick said as he turned to run down to the docks.

Hiccup closed his eyes, looking grim; _"We don't need a Berserker skirmish."_ repeated in his head.

"Hiccup come on, we need to go!" Astrid ushered. Hiccup opened his eyes and ran over to Toothless. He looked sad at him and hopped on, flying away to do his part in keeping them safe from Dagur.

* * *

><p>Stoick ran up to Gobber who was waiting for him on the docks. Gobber motioned him to hurry up, and then relax after he was next to him.<p>

"Relax, relax; I can't have you choking." Gobber said. Stoick took in easy breaths and tried to act like he didn't just run the whole way here. He stiffened as he thought of something.

"Oh Thor, do I need the ceremonial belt?"

"No, no, no; you'll be fine, this isn't like last time."

Dagur's ship ported the docks and Dagur smugly walked off and onto the plank.

"Stoick, it's so good to see you again!" Dagur said with open arms, though everyone could tell it was all an act.

"Yeah!" Gobber replied, acting as well and trying to keep the awkwardness down. "So, uh, nothing personal or anything, but uh, did something happen for you to come back?"

"Well, since we're _allies_ now, I figured I'd come back for a visit." Dagur lied.

"And do what, exactly?" Stoick asked

"Oh you know, hang out, share some history, fight some dragonsâ€|"

Find that little runt of yoursâ€|

â€|just get to know each other better."

"I really don't want to get to know him better." Gobber whispered to Stoick. Stoick's gaze fell down to Dagur's hand and he narrowed his eyes.

"What happened to your hand, Dagur?"

So Hiccup didn't say anything either, well this just makes things more interesting. He thought before replying,

"A dragon incident. You know what the stakes are, play with fire and you might get burned." Well it wasn't a total lie.

"Uh huh, well you know what they say; it's no fun unless you get a scar out of it." Gobber replied. "Instead of standing here discussing philosophy, why don't we take you toâ€"

"Where's Hiccup?" Dagur interrupted, his good hand on his chin while the other rest by his stomach.

"Okay, never mind." Gobber quick talking while Stoick took over.

"He's busy."

"Doing what?"

"Doing stuff that he normally does, why?"

"Just wondering. So uh, did you get another dragon attack?"

"Menial talk, let's get going." Gobber ushered Dagur and his men to the village.

"Did you kill that Night Fury?" Dagur asked seeing if he could find a loop hole.

"NO!" Stoick quickly corrected his tone, "No, it got away. It's a Night Fury."

"Right, right,"

"This way, Dagur," Gobber said, gesturing towards the village. Dagur sneered mentally and followed.

So far, so good... He thought.

* * *

><p>Wow, I got a lot of views for just the first two chapters. Thanks again for all of your support! I really wouldn't still be here posting more stories if it wasn't for you guys. I try to keep my stories as 'Dreamworks'-ish as possible all the while keeping it a "fanfic". That means doing stuff that Dreamworks wouldn'tâ€"like hurting Hiccup. But honestly, I mean well. An adventure story isn't all that interesting unless somebody gets hurt. It always comes down to painâ€"|

4. Chapter 4

Alright, did anyone see the foreshadowing? Yes? No? Maybe? Because there was one, actually a coupleâ€"3 to be exact. Well, if you didn't that's alright; you'll get it in later chapters. **Be very observant in my stories****, the little thingsâ€"tiny, tiny, little thingsâ€"something someone said, thought, did, reactions; they are the links to the awesomeness that is my plot. Sorry, was that last part a little too self-righteous? Ah, well, here's the next chapter.**

****Oh, and don't forgetâ€|****

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

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><p>Gobber and Stoick came up from the docks, with Dagur and his five Berserker guards following close behind, and stopped in the middle of Berk before turning around to announce to their "guests".<p>

"Well, here's Berkâ€|I guess." Gobber said, an awkward moment for all of them. Dagur had his arms crossed over his chest; an annoyed look on his face.

"DÃ©jÃ vu," He said flatly.

"Oh, I ****hate**** himâ€|" Gobber whispered silently to Stoick.

"Just stay calm; this will all be over before we know it." Stoick whispered back.

*** * ***

><p>Hiccup watch the scene before him, keeping his eyes glued on Dagur with a fretful look. He kept most of his body hidden behind the house; half of his face was peeking out. He breathed out, sighing almost, looking down in thought then back up to his father and Dagur.<p>

Should I tell him? He asked himself. _What would he think? I've already messed up enough in my lifeâ€|_ He thought back to the old days.

"Stoick's little embarrassmentâ€|" he said faintly to himself.

"Hiccup?" a voice called out from behind him. Hiccup stiffened from the sudden presence of Astrid and crooked his head to see her. She came up beside him and hid her body behind the house as well.

"What's happened?" She asked him quietly. Hiccup turned back towards Dagur,

"Uh, nothing so far. I can't hear what they're saying, butâ€|"

_â€|__One could only guess._ He finished in thought.

"Hey, did you guys find out anything?" Tuffnut said rather loud. Ruffnut and Fishlegs were with him and they, along with Hiccup and Astrid who turned around to face them, shushed them while holding their pointer fingers up to their mouths.

Tuffnut shrugged his shoulders and held up his hands in defense, "Sorry," he whispered. "Why are we whispering anyway?"

"So that we don't get caught," Astrid whispered back to him.

"Yeah, do you want _Dagur_ to know we're back here?" Fishlegs added silently.

"No, wait," Tuffnut thought for a moment, "I don't know, why? You scared?"

"No!" Fishlegs growled back

"Yeah he is; he doesn't wanna eat rotten cod heads again, hahaha." Snotlout said as he came up to the group and proceeded to take cover like the rest. Fishlegs glared at him,

"Shut up, Snotlout. You'd be sickened too."

"Guys, enough," Hiccup ended their little feud. He once again examined Dagur and his dad.

"What are they talking about?" Astrid asked silently, glancing over at Hiccup to see if he'd answer. He didn't, however, but swallowed.

I wish Toothless was here!

* * *

><p>"You've already took a tour of Berk, Dagur; what more do you want to see?" Stoick asked, annoyed.<p>

"I just came here to see some old friends. It's been a while since I got to just mess around." Dagur replied, acting innocent. Gobber and Stoick both sighed deeply.

"Ow, would you quit it!" A voice not so silently whispered off in the distance.

Dagur furrowed his eye brows and looked to the right, Stoick and Gobber doing the same. Dagur was about to walk over, but Stoick stopped him by blocking his way, tapping his arm and moving in the other direction.

"Some kids are playing, that's all. Now if you'll come this way so that we can discuss your time of visiting. There are dragons about, too much 'messaging around' could actually do more harm than good." Stoick said. Dagur decided to humor him and followed his men right behind him.

"Tsk, two chiefs; those dragons don't stand a chance." Dagur replied with a false smug. Stoick rolled his eyes at this, but continued nonetheless.

* * *

><p>Hiccup climbed the stairs to his house, waiting to plop down on his bed and burry his face into his pillow. Actually that's what he planned on doing, but another part of wanted to come clean about what happened while he was stuck on that island. Knowing his dad would more than likely be at the house; he stopped at the door, took a deep breath and walked in.<p>

"Hey dad, I need to tell you something!" Hiccup said as he opened

the door and walked in. However, he wasn't expecting any one else but his father. Stoick and Dagur looked up at his sudden appearance from the table by the pit. Stoick furrowed his eye brows', waiting to hear what was on his son's mind, while Dagur smiled and was delighted to see his 'friend' once again.

Hiccup's eyes widened when he realized Dagur was present and searched his brain for something else.

"Hiccup, what is it?" Stoick asked. Dagur stuck his left hand on his left cheek, leaning his elbow against the table and turning his head completely towards Hiccup so that Stoick couldn't see the grin on his face, but only Hiccup.

Go onâ€| Dagur thought pleasurably.

"Uh, the chickens." Hiccup said hesitantly still trying to see where to go with this. Stoick tilted his head in confusion and Dagur stifled a chuckle. Hiccup continued, "You asked me to help Mulch put them back in the coop, well we got them; all of them this time." Ultimately, this was a cover up for the dragons being safely hidden, and fortunately Stoick received the coded message clearly.

"Ah, good; those chickens always get out. Now, back to our discussionâ€|Dagur?" Dagur was still looking at Hiccup with that smile; shaking his head slightly,

Nice saveâ€| he thought, then turned his head back around and directed attention towards Stoick.

"Right, right; I stay here for a couple of days, and then leave. How's that sound?" he said, then turned to Hiccup, who was still at the door. "What about you Hiccup?"

"I say you go jump off a cliff so that we never see you again." Hiccup growled underneath his teeth. Stoick looked at him with wide eyes and mouthed his name angrily.

"Ha, already tried that; didn't work, did it?" Dagur replied. Hiccup didn't say anything,

"Hey," Dagur said, narrowing his eyes and pointed to his neck indicating Hiccup's, "Why do you have two small puncture holes on your neck?" Hiccup almost brought his hand up to his neck, but didn't, rather standing their shocked that it was so noticeable.

"Another story for another time;" Stoick said, Dagur turned his attention at him, "back to the subject?"

"Sure, why not." Dagur said, leaning back in his chair, "But hurry up, before I get bored."

Hiccup thanked his father for giving him the opening to escape the tension; though he apologized greatly for leaving his dad out of the circle. How was he supposed to tell him? Dagur obviously knows, which doesn't help him in the situation, that the _chickens_ were a cover up for the dragons. Why else would Dagur be here? The last time he came, he came on excellent authority that they were massing a whole army of dragons. And now that he knows for sure that Hiccup does

indeed train themâ€|

"This can't be good." Hiccup sighed to himself. He plopped down on his wooden bed, back down with his left leg on the bed and his right hanging off of it. He started to feel sick to his stomach, and moaned.

Oh, don't start now; I already have enough problems as it isâ€|

He rolled on to his left side, now whole body lying on the bed, facing Toothless' empty slab of rock. His frown deepened and he closed his eyes, sighing, then breathed in, then out; his nausea causing him to get lightheaded. His vision started to get black around the edges, then it crept towards the center; his consciousness slowly drifting away.

If it was once thing he wanted right about now was Toothless.

* * *

><p>Like I said, be ***very observant**** of my writing. Tiny details!**

Alright does anyone else have an idea on who that 'excellent authority' is that Dagur mentioned in the beginning of Twinsanity? Because I don't know about you, but I think it might be Alvin. Does anyone else think that? Am I being crazy? Am I being observant? Why am I asking so manyâ€"yeah, okay.

Okay so things haven't been going well with Hiccup; don't worry, the suspense has only begun!

Thank you for the reviews and wonderful comments. I have not gotten any, ANY negative comment at ALL during ANY of my stories. THANK YOU SO MUCH!

5. Chapter 5

Thanks again for the comments/compliments guys! And I won't forget the ones who favorite/follow; thank you as well!

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>Hiccup woke up to a quiet setting; though his eyes were not open, his consciousness came back. Remaining in his comfortable position on his back, he felt no need to wake up and decided to just fall back asleep. However, a small ruffle of a paper being turned caught his attention and he shot his eyes open. He leaned up from his pillow andâ€|<p>

"AHHH!" he screamed in surprise and sudden fear at the uninvited presence of Dagur sitting on his desk chair and flipping through his drawings of Toothless.

Dagur lifted his eyes, but only his eyes, up to Hiccup. Then, after satisfied now that he was awake, let them drift back down to the bundle of papers in his hands. He sat in the chair diagonally from

Hiccup, his axe on his back clearly evident.

"I was wondering somethingâ€¦" Dagur said casually as if sneaking into someone's room and searching through their private possessions isn't creepy at all; "What would happen if your Night Fury didn't have that tail fin?" he said with dark humor.

Hiccup glared at him, "What do you want, Dagur?"

"Oh come now, Hiccupâ€¦" Dagur sneered, "You know very well the answer to that question just as much as I know the answer to my previous one." Hiccup intensified his glare. Dagur repositioned himself so that his entire body was facing Hiccup.

"Train me dragons." He whispered, matching Hiccup's glare and leaning forward.

"I'm not training you dragons." Hiccup whispered back.

"Hiccup, Hiccup, Hiccup; you are in no position to deny my demand." Dagur leaned backwards, resting in the chair with a smirk on his face.

"Or what; you're going to wage war on us? You signed the peace treaty Dagur."

"That peace treaty isn't even worth the paper it's printed on." Dagur said with a small chuckle.

"Why does it not surprise me that you'd do something like this?"

"So where are you hiding them _this_ time? In the forest; in a cave? Off the island completely?"

"I don't' even know why your father stepped down."

Dagur giggled, "My father stepping downâ€¦ oh he stepped down alright. He went from living to not living."

Hiccup's figure numbed at the realization, his eyes widened.
"What?"

"He became weak, so I got rid of him; easiest thing I've ever done." Hiccup couldn't believe what he was hearing. He made a quick glance to the stairs before dashing off his bed and down the stairs; Dagur bolted up out of the chair and ran after him.

Hiccup burst out the front door and ran through the streets desperately searching for his father. He passed by many people, they all looking at him as he ran. Two Berkians were chit chatting beside each other, and unfortunately in Hiccup's way.

"Excuse me; pardon me!" he said as he squeezed by them and continued on. Dagur, howeverâ€¦

"Get out of my way!" yelled Dagur as he shoved the two to the ground in hot pursuit of Hiccup. It wasn't long before Hiccup started to slow down and breathe heavily; his head getting dizzy and that nausea feeling coming back. His scream was silenced as Dagur roughly grabbed his arm and pulled out of the public's eye.

Dagur threw him against the back of a house and held him there with his one hand. He loomed over Hiccup's head, looking down upon his small form as he cast a shadow.

Getting up to his face, "If I can make my father's death look like an accident, then I'll have no trouble with yours." He threatened silently, pulling out the axe and held it dangerously close to Hiccup's neck. The blade of the axe just barely slid across the skin before being pulled away. Dagur flipped it over and jammed the handle end into Hiccup's stomach. He allowed him to drop to the ground, hands tightly folded over his abdomen. With a twirl of the axe, Dagur placed it on his back and walked away.

Hiccup stayed in that spot for a while, breathing in and out and groaning sometimes when he did so. He fell on his hands and knees before crawling a little ways and exiting his stomach's contents once more. He kept vomiting, even when there wasn't anything more to exit. His body shook rapidly and in his half stupor, stood up.

"Hiccup!" he heard his name called and turned his head over. Astrid came running up to him and clutched his shoulder to support him.

"Hiccup, are you alright; you really look pale." Hiccup couldn't say anything, just stare blankly at her. His head suddenly became too heavy for him and it fell over; Astrid catching it via her shoulder. She gasped when more and more of his weight began to shift towards her.

"Gobber! GOBBER!" she yelled.

* * *

><p>Gobber was in the forge, hammering away at his sword; sharpening it just in case Dagur decided to do something stupid. He stopped when he heard his name called and turned around. Astrid came in with a barely conscious Hiccup. He dropped everything and took Hiccup from her hands, gently placing him down on the floor leaning his head against the wall of the wide door frame.<p>

"What in Thor's name happened?" he asked.

"I don't know; I found him like this." Astrid replied back. Hiccup's eye lids opened, then closed, then blinked open and then closed again.

"I'm fine!" he mumbled, however his words didn't match with his body language.

"Obviously you're not fine. Astrid, go find Stoick." Astrid nodded and ran off.

"Where's Toothless?" he muttered delusional. Gobber quickly shushed him.

"Shhhhh, remember there are Berserkers here." He whispered. Feeling his forehead, he stepped away for a few seconds to address to a nearby Viking.

"You," he pointed at the villager, "Go fetch me some water." The Viking nodded his head and left to do just that.

"Gobber!" Stoick yelled as he, Astrid and apparently the other teens came running up to the forge.

"He's fine, I think." Gobber said while knelt down beside Hiccup.

"Hiccup!" Stoick knelt down beside his son; the teens along with the fast growing crowd furrowed their brows in worry. "Hiccup, are you alright?" Stoick lifted his chin up, "Come on, look at me." Hiccup moaned in response.

"Is he going to be okay?" Fishlegs asked.

"He should be fine. More than likely was moving around too much."

* * *

><p>Within the crowd, people started to murmur and asked questions on what happened and whether Hiccup was alright. Two male Vikings were talking about the Banshee; Dagur, who was out of view behind a house, listened in on their conversation.<p>

"â€|yeah, well I can't imagine having lost so much blood." Dagur narrowed his eyes and tilted his head closer. "I mean, I've seen people's hands and legs get cut off, but never have I heard of an animal sucking it out of you."

"And he was still awake, well, that's what I heard." The second one put his hand on his neck, "Could you imagine that?" he said, the other shaking his head no.

Dagur's eyes light up in recognition; Hiccup's two puncture wounds on his neckâ€|

_And here I thought __**those**__ things didn't existâ€|_ he thought. He quietly stepped away, walking towards the Great Hall.

All of a sudden, Dagur started to smile, and then chuckledâ€|

"Looks like I found my leverage." He said to no one but himself.

* * *

><p>Well, that's never goodâ€|

Remember thisâ€|"that last quote by Dagur is very important. Why? You figure it outâ€| I believe in you! You can do it!

Once again, thank you for all of your support!

6. Chapter 6

**I've seen some confusion about what Dagur meant when he said, "Looks like I found my leverage." Leverage means power over something or power to gain something; that in itself is a hint. I wasn't hinting another occurrence with a Bansheeâ€|"there is no Banshee in

this story, this story is not a sequel to ****_It Comes At Night_**** it is the sequel to ****_How to Find Your Way Home_****. I know you guys loved the Banshee, but I'm sorry, it doesn't make an entrance in ****_Nameless Foray_****.**

Also let me clarify somethingâ€¦! Dagur was just walking to the Great Hall thinking; he thought of something, or thought up a plan, and that's why he suddenly started to smile.

Thanks for the comments and reviews guys! It really makes me happy to see more and more people commenting/favoring/following/plain reading per chapter! It just tells me I'm getting better and more interesting, and that's what I want to have for my readers! Again, thank you!

Disclaimer: I own nothing

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><p>"Dad, I'm fine." Hiccup mumble half consciously as he struggle to keep his eyes open. He was still resting against the wall of the forge at the door way, Stoick by his left side with a bucket of water and a ladle trying to get Hiccup to drink some. Gobber was standing up beside Stoick, looking down at Hiccup and shaking his head.<p>

"Try telling that to us when you can keep your eyes open." He replied. Hiccup was too delusional right now to have any of his words taken into account. He was also losing the battle to keep his eyelids from closing.

Stoick sets the ladle down in the bucket and sets it off to the side and out of the way. He glances up at Gobber, "Gobber, I'm going to drop Hiccup off at the house; I want you, Bucket and Mulch to meet me at the Great Hall after you get this crowd dispersed." He said in a quiet voice, lifted his son up bridal style and headed off. He stopped in front of the teens and turned to address them,

"You five, follow me." They nodded and did so.

Gobber watched as they left from the forge and then turned his head towards the crowd.

"Alright, alright, no point in standing around; go back to whatever you were doing before." The Vikings sighed and began to leave, but before Bucket and Mulch did Gobber stopped them.

"Hold it, Stoick ordered us to meet him at the Great Hall."

"For what?" Mulch asked.

"He didn't say, but we're bound to find out."

* * *

><p>Stoick sat Hiccup down on his bed, he moaned, but didn't move or flinch. Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Ruff and Tuff came up the stairs and filed into the room.<p>

Stoick turned to address them, "I'm going to leave Hiccup here to

rest, I want you all to watch him and ensure nothing like this happens again."

"Yes sir," Astrid replied with her hands cupped politely together in front of her. Stoick passed by them and proceeded out the door and to the Great Hall.

Fishlegs moved over to Toothless' bed, gazing down at it he sighed.

"I miss Meatlug." He said rather sadly.

"Yeah, we can't destroy things Barf and Belch; it's just not the same." Ruff commented gloomy.

"And it's all Dagur's fault! Why is he here anyway?" Tuffnut added.

"Oh, quit being such a big baby. Dagur's awesome and who cares if the dragons are gone." Snotlout interfered.

Astrid, who moved to sit on the edge of the bed beside Hiccup, glanced at Snotlout with a doubtful look.

"Uh huh, and you're here to tell me that you don't miss Hookfang at all?" she said.

"Nah, I could care less about that stupid dragon." Snotlout lied as he waved his hand carelessly. When doing so he flinched then clutched the hand and began rubbing the forearm. Astrid raised an eyebrow.

"Snotlout, where's your cast for your arm?"

"It was itchy, so I took it off." He replied still rubbing his forearm.

"You're not supposed to take it off until your fracture heals. You might have made it worse now."

"It was itchy!" he complained.

"Oh boo hoo; be a Viking!" Astrid rolled her eyes and placed her hands on her hips.

Hiccup's head moved to the left, his eyes tightening without notice.

* * *

><p>Stoick took his time walking up the steps, but quickened his pace when he was nearing the top. With his hands in front of him, he pushed forward and walked through the double doors and into the dimmed Hall. Gobber, Mulch and Bucket waited for him at the round table in the center of the entire building.<p>

Stoick slowed to a stop as soon as he was right beside them; "Considering the situation, I think it'd be unnecessary for me to establish my reasons for you being here."

"That part is clear, butâ€¦" Gobber drifted off to allow Mulch to finish.

"Why us?" Mulch asked, Bucket shaking his head.

"Because of the course of our recent events, you three have beenâ€¦by my side no matter what the occasion. If it's anyone I trust the most, it's you guys. And I need your help on a personal matter." Stoick announced.

Back behind the many pillars that lined the reaches of the walls, one held a guest. Dagur kept his back up against the wooden frame of the rounded column; with his head turned to the right he was able to better focus on their conversation. He dare not peek his head around the edge, but curiosity got him only a hair away from doing so.

"Personal matter? Is it about the chickens?" Bucket asked, clueless on what Stoick was getting to.

"No, Bucket; it's about Hiccup." Stoick replied sorrowfully.

Dagur raised an eyebrow and smiled in interest.

Stoick sighs, "It pains me to see him like this." He begins to pace back and forth in front of the three. "I need people I can trust to keep an eye on him. He's still healing; he needs time."

"Well you know you can count on us, but what about the kids?" Gobber asked. "they've always came around when we needed them."

"Yes, I agree fully, but I need adult supervision as well; what with the Berserkers hereâ€¦" he paused in thought of the appropriate word, "I don't want things to getâ€¦"

"Berserk?" Gobber inquired.

"â€¦Intense,"

Oh, you have no ideaâ€¦ Dagur thought with a broader smile.

"Don't worry Stoick, we'll keep a watchful eye." Mulch replied. Gobber came over and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Hiccup will be fine, don't worry. He may be small, but he can outlast a lot." Gobber reassured earning a small smile and a nod from Stoick.

_Let's see how long he can __**out last**__ me when I'm through with himâ€¦_ Dagur finished in thought as he waited for the Vikings to file out.

* * *

><p>Again, this chapter is smaller only because it's an informative scene. Not much action right now, but I can't believe I'm on my 6**th**** chapter and haven't even gotten to the good! This is still the beginning! There are loads more of excitement to read! I'm guessing about maybe 20 chapters total, so this is my biggest story yet.**

Other than that, Dagur is being a little sneak right now, but for good reason. Things are building and like Dagur said, "Going to get intense". Don't worry about Hiccup's trained dragons I had in previous storiesâ€"they will most definitely make an entrance!

Thanks for continuing to read my stories, so sorry for the kind of long wait. For me, I can't write something good if I don't feel in the writing mood. But don't worry, these breaks don't last too long.

7. Chapter 7

Every time I post a new chapter I feel accomplished. So right about now I feel accomplished, I mean I planned for certain events to take place in the 4**th**** and 5****th**** chapter, but now on the 7****th**** the turn of events haven't even begun yet! I am just so happy I'm going to be able to right a fanfic that's more than my average of 10 chapters! Purely by accident, just so you know.**

****I guess I use a lot of imagery in my stories, and that helps the readers visualize what's going on. Even the smallest detail, like the turn of the head, hand, or a roll of the eyes, all of those are a part of our body language and it helps us understand what the characters are feeling, doing, what they may think just as much as dialogue would. ****Use the five senses in your story****,that's what I'm trying to get at.****

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>Hiccup woke to the pounding of his heart in his head. He tightened his eyes and moved his head sideways to the left in an attempt at curing the throbbing pain. However, much to his dismay, it didn't work and he moaned.<p>

Not a second passed after Hiccup's moan had Astrid's head veered in his direction. The rest of the group became silent and observed their friend as well.

Hiccup raised his left hand to his head, clutching his forehead ever so gently as if the skin was burned.

"Hiccup, are you okay?" Astrid asked softly, reaching a hand out just in case he needed help.

"I don't know define okay?" he half mumbled leaning up and against the back end of his bed. He shut his eyes tight and softly groaned.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"You mean besides the fact that he weighs ninety pounds?" Snotlout snickers out.

Astrid furrowed her eyebrows, "Fishlegs, hit him for me!" she

hollered angrily without looking up from Hiccup.

"No, no, no, no, no, no, No, NO, NO!" Snotlout began to scream and run away as Fishlegs came after him. A sound of a wrestle could be heard from down stairs.

"Oh, please can we join in on that?" Ruffnut begged as she watched what was going on.

"Sure, go ahead." Astrid replied nonchalantly. She immediately changed her composure as they disappeared down the stairs and directed her attention to her friend.

"Are you feeling any better?"

"Actually yeah,"

"But yourâ€" "

"It's going away, surprisingly fast." Astrid still looked at him, worried. "Astrid, don't worry, I'm fine." Astrid raised an eye brow. "Really, it was just aâ€" "Hiccup thought back to the moment when Dagur decided it'd be fun to knee him in the stomach. "â€"Uhhhhhhhhhhâ€" his mind drew a blank.

"Uhhhhhhhhâ€"what?" Astrid asked urging him to tell her.

Hiccup sighed, "It'sâ€" Iâ€" "

"Hiccup, what is it? You can tell me."

Hiccup scanned his brain, searching for a way to tell her about what Dagur did, what he might plan to do; what happened before.

"Wherâ€"where's Dagur?"

* * *

><p>"Sven, where's Dagur?" Stoick asked as he, along with Gobber, Bucket and Mulch behind him, came down from the Great Hall and up to the court yard where Sven was currently standing.<p>

"Huh?"

"Where's Dagur?" Stoick repeated, but this time more seriously.

"Oh, that's what I was coming to you to talk about." Sven replied nervously.

"What do you mean?" Stoick almost had a threatening tone.

"Well, I was looking for him, saw him, followed him, and then lost him again."

Stoick sighed, "Sven, we can't have Dagur running around Berk without supervision. Now where was it last you saw him?"

"Hmmmâ€" " Sven pondered for a while, "He was heading towards the

Great Hall."

Stoick, Gobber, and Mulch froze in their spots with their eyes wide open staring at Sven. Bucket turned to Mulch,

"Wasn't that where we were?"

"Where was who now?" A voice called from behind them. The men turned around and saw Dagur stopping right next to them with a smug smirk on his face.

"Dagur, you're supposed to have a guard with you at all times." Stoick informed him, keeping his cool.

"I already know the layout of Berk, Stoick," Dagur snickered. "No need for watchmen. Don't you trust a fellow allied chief?"

"It's not that, it's to ensure your safety here on Berk." Stoick replied diligently.

"More or less, it's really for our safety." Gobber whispered silently to Mulch.

Stoick continued, "You are our guests, I wish to have your visit a delightful one with no complications."

Dagur crossed his arms, "Oh, you're too kind." He replied with a fake appreciated tone. Both him and Stoick stared at one another for a second before Dagur moved around him and walked away.

* * *

><p>Not so far off from these events was the Haddock house, and peeking their heads out from a small crack in the door were Astrid and Hiccup. They brought their heads back in and closed the door silently, the two turning towards the others in the open downstairs.<p>

Astrid turned to Hiccup, "Alright, there's something obviously going on here; what is it?" she demanded with her hands on her hips.

Hiccup sighed and stooped his shoulders, "Do you guys remember when we got trapped on those islands?"

"Why wouldn't we? We were stuck wondering the woods for days on end trying to find you!" Snotlout complained. He was tied up against the stair railings, feet dangling only a several inches off of the floor.

"Yeah, well whilst you guys were searching on a completely different island, I ran intoâ€| someone." Hiccup hesitated, dropped his eyes to the ground and clutched his wrist.

"You ran into someone?" Astrid asked, curious, but at the same time knowing where Hiccup was getting at.

"You mean Kamel?" Fishlegs asked.

"No, well, yeah, butâ€| someoneâ€| else." The teens just looked at

him waiting for him to spit it out. Hiccup sighed, "I ran into Dagur!"

All stepped back a bit at this.

"Dagur?" Astrid proclaimed.

"And he knows that we are hiding dragons, and that I train them." Hiccup continued. The others stayed quiet except for Astrid.

"How does heâ€"

"It's all my fault! He found me and Toothless on the island, together. If only I had been more carefulâ€|" Hiccup confessed sadly.

"Hiccup you couldn't haveâ€"

"And then I didn't even ****tell**** you guys! I thought I could put it behind me; I thought he died when Kamel threw him over the edge of the cliff! No, he's not dead! He's perfectly alive! Right out there!" Hiccup hollered, waving his hands towards the door.

"Hiccupâ€"

"Well, I thought ****wrong****!" He leaned against the wall and slid down to the floor, his arms wrapped around his legs. "I screwed up big time." He whispered sadly. Astrid came up in front of him and grabbed his shoulders, looking him right in the eye.

"It's not your fault; you are being too hard on yourself." Hiccup looked away from her, "Look at me," Hiccup lifted his head up, "We have to tell your dad."

"How am I supposed to tell my dad?" he asked in disbelief of just the thought.

"The same way you told usâ€| well with more confidence." Astrid replied.

"Do you even think he'll listen?"

"I know he'll listen." Astrid smiled at him and helped him up. Hiccup sighed, but agreed.

* * *

><p>Hiccup held the same expression, nervousness. He sat right of his father, Dagur on the other side; all the Berserkers and top men of Berk sat at the round table. It was supper time and the people of Berk and the Berserkers gathered together in the Great Hall. Hiccup's friends sitting with the rest down on the benches kept an eye on Dagur; hateful glares were sent his way, but seemingly unacknowledged. Sitting at the giant round table made you feel as if all eyes were on you. And that's definitely not going to help someone's confidence.<p>

Hiccup breathed in and glanced to the left, Dagur seemed to be amused with his axe. Hiccup also noticed his father seeming a little on

edge, he noticed out of the corner of his eye his dad's interests kept coming back to him, then Dagur.

Adrenaline rushed through him,

Does he knowâ€|?! Hiccup thought uneasy.

An additional plate of food was set down in front of him. He raised an eye brow and followed the hand that brought the plate, up the arm and into the face that it owned it.

Gobber smiled warmly, "You haven't got much in ya since your stomach decided to play rebel." He whispered, sitting down in the chair right of Hiccup. Hiccup peered down at the food, fresh roasted cod. He liked fish, but not right now. His stomach growled in a warning; nausea was beginning to set in.

"I'm not hungry, Gobber." Hiccup whispered back, softly pushing the dish away.

"You have to eat something, Hiccup; yer as small as it is." Hiccup just kept his eyes looking down at the table, a frown on his face.

Gobber sighed softly, "At least drink some water." Gobber pressed Hiccup's cup of water towards him. Reluctantly, Hiccup drank it and then turned to his dad.

"May I be excused?" Stoick glanced at him worriedly, but nodded his head and watched as Hiccup got up and disappeared out the doors. Dagur looked up as well and eyed Hiccup's movement. Hiccup's friends looked upon him as well as he left. Stoick and Gobber met eyes and Gobber shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

Dagur peered around the crowd, and then glanced towards Stoick. When the attention was averted, he slipped away from the scene.

* * *

><p>Hiccup walked through the woods, across the fields, around the side of a rocky hill and up to a cave. He stood within the aperture, the moon behind him casting a dim shadow towards the dark entrance. He brought his hands up to his mouth and shouted,<p>

"Toothless!" The name bounced off the walls. A black figure came out of the shadows and cheered happily. Toothless ran to Hiccup, falling on top of him and licked him to death. Hiccup fell to the ground with a thud and giggled as Toothless nudged and licked him all over.

"Haha, I missed you too!" Hiccup nestled into Toothless' neck and hugged him for about a minute before he let go. Toothless allowed him to stand up and walked beside him as they ventured into the cave.

Hiccup looked around, though not much to actually see, before whirling to Toothless.

"Can I have some light bud?" he asked politely, Toothless happily yelped as a yes and shot a plasma blast into the ceiling above. The

shadows disappeared from the purple light and the aperture was lit with amethyst illumination.

All of Berk's dragons camped here, curled up against each other, but as soon as Hiccup was shown to them, they got up and greeted him with joy. Hiccup found himself overwhelmed with Nadders, Gronkles, Nightmares, Zipplebacks, Terrible Terrors, Stalkgrinder and his gang, and Kamel.

Hiccup sat down and nestled into Toothless' side and closed his eyes. He decided to stay here for a little while, clear his head before heading back to the village. He breathed in then out, and relaxed the nausea away.

* * *

><p>Off towards the shoreline and away from the village, Dagur stood in the sand with his eyes peering out at sea. He squint his eyes at a sight he was waiting for.<p>

It took some time, but the Berserker ship eventually made it to land. One soldier jumped off and saluted Dagur.

"Sir, we have to armada ready. The ships are docked just over the horizon."

"Good, good. Stoick brought this upon his people. I warned him and he didn't listen to me." Dagur walked towards the sea more, but stopped right at the fingertips of the tide. "Tomorrow we attack."

"What is the signal, sir?"

"Once I have Hiccup in my clutches, the rest of the fleet will come to finish off Berk. You'll hear a horn, that's the signal."

Dagur smiled to himself, "The signal of war."

* * *

><p>Alright, this chapter is way longer then my recent ones! Chapter 8 is when *_it_* starts. So stay tuned because you're not gonna wanna miss it!*_

8. Chapter 8

Okay, yeah a reader (Whitehawk) has found a mistake on my part. I said that Kamel threw Dagur off the cliff when it was really Toothless. MY BAD! Sorry about that.

I have nothing else to say, but read on

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>Stoick came out of the Great Hall, walked down the steps and looked around. He furrowed his eye brows and glanced down, his eyes darting from left to right in thought. He had an indication that Hiccup might have gone to visit Toothless and the other dragons, but

spending too much time there could cause some Berserkers to stir.<p>

"Hiccup!" he called out, but no one was there to answer.

"You didn't find him?" Gobber said, walking down the steps and up to Stoick.

Stoick sighed, "No, it's been a half an hour already, shouldn't he be back by now?"

"I'm sure he's on his way right now." Gobber replied.

* * *

><p>Hiccup yawned; stretching his arms out and blinking open his eyes. He gazed forward, waiting for his eyelids to fully wake. He looked to the right, out of the cave aperture and outside; the moon was clearly over the horizon, now almost high up in the night sky. His face froze from realization; only a second went by did he stay absolutely still. He quickly got up, patting Toothless on the head and saying good bye to all the dragons, he raced out of the aperture and into the cool night air.<p>

I hope my disappearance didn't cause a stir among the village. My dad's worried about enough things already. He thought as he ran past the trees and up the slopes. He suddenly slowed to a stop and breathed a little. His eyes stared straight as he waited for the black spots to fade from his vision.

Right, can't run too muchâ€| he remembered.

* * *

><p>About seven minutes later, Hiccup stepped inside of his house, closing the door behind him. His dad was tending to the fire, poking at the cinders to keep them active while he added more wood to fuel the future flames. Stoick looked up when the door opened and sighed in relief as Hiccup stepped in.<p>

"I was worried you'd be out all night."

"Well, if I didn't wake up I probably would have." Hiccup replied with a hand scratching the back of his neck. "No nightmares, that's a start." He said with a sheepish grin.

Stoick smiled as well, the air between the two getting awkward. He looked down at the fire, small flames began to form and bounce their shadows around the walls. He glanced back up at his son and sighed once more, standing up to announce his thoughts.

"Hiccup, has there been something bothering you lately?"

Hiccup stiffened at this outburst and shrunk where he stood. "What do you mean?"

"Hiccup, I can tell when you have something to say." Stoick replied with his hands on his hips. "Now come on, what is it?" he finished more calmly, inviting Hiccup to share his issues.

Hiccup relaxed and smiled softly at his father's attempt to ease his stress. "Dad," Hiccup sighed, he didn't really know how to say it but to just come straight out with it. "Some things have happenedâ€|"

"Things, like what?" Hiccup's eyes slowly moved away from Stoick and to the floor, fidgeting back and forth.

"Hiccup, what happened?" he pressed on, his tone of voice getting serious.

"Dad, its Dagurâ€|" His full gaze was now fixated on the floor. Stoick became angry at this response.

"What did Dagur do?" he asked, almost demanding for an answer. Hiccup looked up and started into his father's eyes, took a deep breath and spread his lips to sayâ€"

"Stoick!" Both he and Hiccup's attention was diverted to the door. Gobber burst through and halted in front of the two, his chest heaving.

"Stoick; a fire! It's spreading rapidly throughout the village!" Stoick ran past Hiccup and Gobber and rushed outside. Flames engulfed what once was the armoryâ€"again, traveling over and eating up some one's house, then another house. It caught fire to the upper level of the walkways, collapsing and falling down into the sea.

"Where's the water?!" Stoick called. Vikings kept bringing buckets of water over to the flames, but the small amount that they had wasn't enough.

"Stoick, it isn't enough; we needed more help!" Mulch called out as he and Bucket just halted dumping water into the white hot blaze. Stoick looked down at the ground in stressful thought.

* * *

><p>"We need the dragons." Hiccup whispered to himself as he watched the buildings burn up at his house.<p>

"You need what, Hiccup?" Dagur stopped beside him with a smirk on his face and his arms crossed over his chest.

"You did this." Hiccup said as he turned his head facing Dagur; a hateful glare sporting his face.

"Hmmm, you are as smart as every once says." He replies nonchalantly.

* * *

><p>"The flames are weakening! Quickly pour more water on the cinders!" Stoick ordered as he and others scrambled to distinguish the blaze. Astrid and Snotlout came up and dumped two buckets onto the scorched buildings, the fire hissing at them when the water touched.<p>

* * *

><p>"Enough of the games, Dagur! You've threatened me, you've threatened my people, and you've threatened my dragons! There is nothing left for you to hide! Why are you here?" Hiccup argued.<p>

* * *

><p>"Their dying!" a Viking shouted.<p>

"That's it keep at it! It's almost out!" Stoick announced, he turned towards Gobber beside him.

"Where's Hiccup?"

* * *

><p>Dagur uncurled his arms away and stood straight and tall, a deathly glare plastered on his face.<p>

"I warned Stoick that if I found out you guys were massing an army of dragons, my armada will attack. Turns out his little **Hiccup** is responsible for everything. You trained the dragons, you defeated the Red Death, I heard you went up against Alvin a couple times, and even survived a Banshee attack." Dagur began to smile now, "All with the help of your **_dragons_**."

* * *

><p>Astrid sighed in relief, "It's out, the fire's out." Fishlegs and the twins stood beside her.<p>

"Oh thank Thor; it was getting close to my house." Snotlout said as he threw his bucket down.

"Hiccup?!" Stoick called out to his son, attention was now switched to Stoick.

"I think he's still back at the house." Gobber inquired.

* * *

><p>"I'm not training dragons for you, Dagur." Hiccup hissed at him with narrowed eyes.<p>

"It's not a request, it's a demand." Dagur replied equally.

"Hiccup!" Stoick yelled to him as he came up the hill and to the two in front of his house. Stoick slowed and unsheathed his sword, pointing it at Dagur.

"Get away from him." Stoick warned Dagur in a low and threatening tone.

"Is that a threat, Stoick?" Dagur played with a smile.

"Last chance, move now!" Vikings began to crowd now, Berserkers got uneasy and held tightly onto their swords and axes, eyeing the Berkians cautiously. The people of Berk glared at the Berserkers, waiting for them to move first.

"You want a war, Stoick, you got it!" Dagur shouted his voice became clearer now so that everyone could hear, "But first, if there be a chance to dwindle the amount of how many of your people get killed, I'm going to ask a question." He looks over at Hiccup beside him. "What will it be Hiccup? War or slavery? Do as I say and I'll spare your life as well as Berks'; deny me and this whole place will burn. You have an army of dragons, and you're going to train some for me."

Two Berserker guards backed away from the edge of the crowd and ran off to the docks.

"What will you choose, Berk or your precious dragons? Where do your loyalties lie?"

Hiccup looked straight into Dagur's eyes, "Your question is irrelevant." He paused before continuing. The air became quiet and stilled.

"The dragons ****are**** a part of Berk, we are a family."

"I see," Dagur said as he turned to face Stoick. "War it is!"

A deep, low, ominous sound of a horn ricocheted across the land. A hiss in the air caused most of the Vikings to look up. A giant boulder imbedded itself through a house near the scene. Out in the ocean, more and more of the Berserker's catapult unleashed their weapons and directed them at Berk. The people scattered, most trying to get their children to safety, others were heading towards the Berserkers.

Stoick rushed Dagur, the two colliding with sword and axe. They broke a part, Stoick swung his axe towards Dagur's midsection, but it was blocked.

"Hiccup, get the dragons!" Stoick grunted as he was pushed back, having to block a blow from Dagur, another and another.

Hiccup nodded and ran behind the house and into the woods.

"I will not have you interfere with my plans!" Dagur growled back, slashing his axe hard against Stoick's sword, the force making him stagger backwards. Berserker soldiers came up and clashed their swords with Stoick's. Gobber came in and joined the struggle to aid Stoick, kicking some legs in and punching some brains out.

Dagur used this distraction and ran after Hiccup; his legs carrying him faster than his adversaries'.

Hiccup bolted past the trees, weaving the twigs and bushes out of his way. Dagur was quickly shortening the distance. Hiccup's breath hitched and he stumbled to a stop. His vision was in waves as everything began to blur and fade their colors to black. He took in deeper breathes and pushed on, ignoring the lightheadedness. He halted as he approached the edge of the cove, overlooking the lake that rested within.

Just as he turned to run, a force dove into him and pinned him to the ground. Dagur held him tightly in his grip, one hand holding Hiccup's left arm while the other grasped his axe.

"Where do you think you're going?" Dagur said, his breathing also quickened from the run. Picking Hiccup up he shoved him away from the edge and angled the axe at his neck. Hiccup refused to be taken prisoner and jammed his prosthetic down on Dagur's foot, hard. Dagur screamed from the pain and his grip on Hiccup loosened. Hiccup pulled himself away just as Dagur swung his axe, however it wasn't quick enough. The blade sliced open a small portion of his neck and he was sent off and over the edge. His consciousness gave in before he hit the water yards below, a splash the last sign of his existence.

Dagur scurried to the edge, looked over and peered down at the water. He scanned the surface, but no sign of Hiccup. Minutes later, still nothingâ€¦ nothing at all.

Dagur slammed his axe down against the rock, "NO!" he shouted angrily.

The water remained still, blacker then the night sky. The ripples that formed were subsiding and disappearing towards the bank. The air was quiet, not a sound made.

"So this is war?" Dagur whispered to himself as all of his plans were now sinking to the bottom of the lake.

9. Chapter 9

****If I end up missing something or getting something wrong, just tell me, its okay. I'm my own beta reader so plot holes or grammar mistakes might happen. I won't get mad, I am rather grateful to know of a mistake so I can fix it. I like to have things right than wrong.****

****I'll try to update faster, but I can't promise anything. I have been busy recently and still am. I am sorry that you guys have to wait so long. I know what it's like to wait and wait and wait for a writer to update an awesome story. I hate it so obviously you guys must hate it. I try to shorten the time between chapter updates.****

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

*** * ***

><p>The water was still within the cove; bubbles floated up to the top right before Dagur resurfaced from below the depths. He gasped for breath from being denied of it for so long. His eyes narrowed and he smacked the water with his hand, growling in the process.<p>

"How hard is it to find a body?" he asked himself, frustrated. He took a deep breath once more and dove back under.

The water was mucky and sight was next to impossible. Dagur scanned the lake floor over again, searching for any signs of Hiccup. Fortunately, and to the dismay of Daugr, he didn't find anything.

*** * ***

><p>A mass a chaos erupted from the hordes of Vikings fleeing to the safety of their homes. However, with the bombardment of the catapults at sea, the boulders demolished what once were their sanctuaries and left them defenseless. A family cowered at their doorstep, the father narrowing his eyes at the oncoming Berserker soldiers. He held out his axe, tense and ready to fight, but as soon as the numbers coming towards him kept multiplying he looked on with worry and no doubt of defeat.<p>

Within the streets, Gobber and Stoick were still fighting off the numbers by themselves.

"Whereâ€|ughâ€| are all of themâ€| coming from?!" Stoick spoke through the swings of his sword.

"I have no idea!" replied Gobber. They both held their own, but with the numbers growing, things were soon to look bleak.

* * *

><p>Another deep breath and Dagur dived back under the surfaceâ€|<p>

* * *

><p>Astrid and Fishlegs fought with their very lives to defend themselves and others, but each minute that past, the sight of their peopleâ€"their familyâ€"was depleting into the hands of the Berserks.<p>

Astrid blocked a power attack, the force causing her to stumble backwards. A dangerous position for her to be in as Berserker soldiers quickly filed in. She and Fishlegs were overwhelmed.

* * *

><p>Dagur resurfaced gasping for breath, his hands still empty. He growled, closing his eyes before sighing and swimming to shore. He wringed out most of the water; looking back at the water he narrowed his eyes, but proceeded to return to the village.<p>

* * *

><p>Ruffnut and Tuffnut jumped down from atop a roof onto the head and shoulders of an unfortunate Berserker. They knocked him to the ground, high fiving each other over their small victory.<p>

"Hehe, I love beating up Berserkers!" Tuffnut cheered, his sister smiling with him.

Their celebration was swiftly cut short as ten other Berserkers surrounded them, weapons readied.

"Uh, did I say I loved beating up Berserkers, I said I loved being beat up by Berserkers." Tuffnut reworded sheepishly as he and his sister soon surrendered.

* * *

><p>Dagur approached the village, he attire still wet from the lake

water. He walked through the demolished streets and up to the crowd gathered by force in front of the Haddock house. Women and children were forced onto their knees in a group to the left as the men were tied up tight and herded into another group to the left. Gobber, Mulch and Bucket were in the front row in their group; the teens being Astrid, Fishlegs, Ruff and Tuff kneeling in the front row as well in their group. A couple of Berserkers dragged over Snotlout, who was kicking and fussing and plopped him down next to Ruffnut.<p>

"Hey!" He protested as he was roughly shoved into his respectful position. "I'm a friend of Dagur, he and I go way back!" he tried to please his way out.

"Shut up you, before I cut your throat!" one of the high ranking guards sputtered. Snotlout shrunk back and quickly became silent.

Dagur approached the guard and turned to look upon the crowd. Every Viking in Berk was captured. The high ranking guard that threatened Snotlout halted in front of Dagur and raised an eyebrow.

"Sir, why are you all wet?" the guard inquired.

Dagur veered his head around to look at him, "Does it really matter?" he replied annoyed and frustrated, but dropped the gloom aura and smiled at his recent victory. "Where's Stoick?" he asked with his hands cupped behind his back.

"Over here, sir." The high ranking guard replied pointing his long staff to the right. Stoick was brought up and forcefully shoved onto his knees in front of Dagur. Dagur's grin grew wider and he chuckled.

"Well well well, the great Stoick the Vast bowing at my feet?" he said while bending down closer to him.

"You coward! You invade our land at the address of a guest and run away when your foray attacks!" Stoick shouted at him; the Berserker soldiers held him tightly down.

"Your son is to blame for all that's happened, Stoick." Dagur replied casually crossing his arms across his chest and rolling his eyes.

"Not from what I've seen." Stoick hissed back. "Where's Hiccup!" he demanded as he continued to struggle against the bonds.

Dagur narrowed his eyes, but replied, "Unfortunately, Hiccup is no longer here."

Stoick froze his actions, "What are you talking about?"

"He's dead, fell off the cliff and drowned in a lake." He answered; his arms now down at his side and face expressionless.

"No, that's a lie, your lying!" Stoick shouted in refusal to believe what was heard. Astrid's eyes widened at what Dagur said and tears began to fill. Ruffnut and Tuffnut looked sorrowfully at each other, Fishlegs closed his eyes and Snotlout looked down at the ground.

Gobber's expression was much like Astrid's, but he closed his eyes and looked away before any tear could escape.

"If you don't believe me that's your problem. I'd show you his body, but I couldn't find it the lake, hint why I am wet."

"He's not dead, I refuse to believe you!" Stoick bellowed back.

"Take the people into the Great Hall; we'll keep them there until we group and lead them out into the woods to be executed." Many in the crowd gasped.

"Um, sir, why don't we just kill them right now; save the trouble later?" the high ranking guard questioned.

"Are you the chief of the Berserkers? Did you plan out this raid? Have you led the Berserkers back to their former glory? No! ****MY**** word is law and ****MY**** orders are to remain unquestioned!" The guard kept his stature, but said nothing. "Now get those people into the Hall! And put this ex-chief into the cells! You did leave some standing, right?" Dagur looked threateningly at the guard he just yelled at moments ago.

"Yes, sir." He replied and Dagur dismissed them. The guards holding Stoick picked him up and grunted against his struggles.

"Where's my son! Where's Hiccup!" he continued to scream as he was lead down to the very cell he put Alvin in. Oh, how irony can be so cruel. He was shoved into the chamber, the door closed and securely locked behind him.

He pounded on the bars, "NO! WHERE'S MY SON!" The guards left and his surroundings were shrouded in darkness. "Hiccup!" He fell to his knees, but refused to cry. With his eyes closed he uttered Hiccup's name once more, a knot forming in his throat.

No! I refuse to cry! He's not dead! He can't be dead!

Stoick closed his eyes tighter, his head bowed.

"He can't be deadâ€¦"

* * *

><p>Well there's that cheery chapter! Sorry again it took so long. You'd think things would get easier towards the end of the school year, but when you're a senior, no, it doesn't. English especially. Update waits will shorten soon that much I do know. Thanks again for sticky around and waiting for me to update! Again, Thanks!

10. Chapter 10

****We are aboutâ€¦** I'd say half way through the story. My best guess is that we have at about 10 more chapters left. Normally I end my stories at 10 chapters and you guys are all like, "No, it's over already!" Well, it's not over yet! We're continuing baby! Alright that's enough from me, here's chapter 10.******

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

* * *

><p>"Keep walking!" one of the guards hollered as they herded the Berkian captives into the Great Hall. That same guard turned towards his comrade, the high ranking guard and second in command known as Vincent the Swift. Vincent was one of those rare thin Vikings, though he still kept his muscular built. He wasn't at all lesser skilled at a sword or axe, he was actually an expert in warfare.<p>

"Who should we execute first sir, the men?"

"We execute no one until Dagur gives his consent." Vincent replied standing tall and straight as he scanned the audience.

"But isn't it a bad idea to wait andâ€"

"Risk my head being chopped off for failing to follow orders, I think not. You will do nothing until the chief gives his consent." He ordered with a pointed finger before he left the Hall.

Vincent traveled down the steps, turning left at the bottom towards the Haddock house. He opened the door and stepped in. Seeing no one down stairs he journeyed upstairs. Dagur was seen observing the drawings Hiccup had of Toothless on his wall, other files of paper dealing with the dragons were laid out upon the desk.

Vincent halted in front of him and stood straight and tall before addressing, "Sir, we have all of the Berkians in the Great Hall and Stoick is placed securely within the prison cells with four guards guarding the entrance."

"Excellent. I have a task for you." Dagur replied with his eyes still locked on Hiccup's work. "I want you to oversee that Hiccup's body be found in the lake over by the cove. On top of that, I want you to muster up parties to look for those dragons Stoick kept hidden."

"Yes sir." Vincent bowed slightly and left with his orders in hand. Dagur narrowed his eyes as he flipped through the pages. He felt like celebrating his easily met victory, but that was suppose to take place when he beating the information out of Hiccup. No Hiccup, no brutal beating, no celebration for Dagur. Now he had to get the information out of Hiccup's family/closest friends. And that's no fun if it's not personal.

Perhaps I could torture Stoick by showing him his son's cold, pale body when the guards find it. That'll certainly change his mind on what's real and what isn't. Dagur smiled deliciously at the thought. He always wanted to see what Hiccup would look like when he was dead.

* * *

><p>Two Berserker soldiers walked down the sloped hill to the cove. Vincent waited till it was morning to send them down to search for Hiccup's body since it'd be easier to see during the day and not at night. As soon as the men reached the cove they stopped.<p>

"So what are we suppose to do here again?" one asked.

"Search for a body in the lake. I believe he said it was Stoick's son." The other replied.

"You mean that kid who trained those dragons?"

"Yeah, shame isn't it. We could have used those tamed beasts for our own uses."

Within the thick brush, behind the tree line, two eyes stared at the other men, scanning them.

"So, uh, do you want to jump in first?" the first one asked.

"No, no, no; age before beauty." The second replied. The other glared at him, opening his mouth to retort something, but was stopped at the sound of a twig snapping. Both Berserkers stiffened from the noise and quickly pulled out their weapons, the first having a sword and the second having an axe. They turned toward the direction they heard the twig snap. They stood their frozen, listening for any more movement. The only sound heard was some birds chirping and a wood pecker off in the distance.

The first glanced at the other, "Could it be a dragon?" he asked curiously.

"Maybe, let's go check it out." Both started to advance towards the tree line, their weapons drawn in front of them. Each step taken was fast, but steady.

The figure behind the brush backed away slowly as to not make another sound; staying low to the ground, it gradually crept away from the Berserkers and into the thick sheltered forest.

* * *

><p>Dagur looked around the room trying to see if Hiccup hid anymore valuable input on dragons. Undoubtedly, such actions are expected of a dragon trainer.<p>

"What I would like to know," Dagur spoke to himself, "is how you trained those dragons." He said addressing the question to Hiccup even though no one was present.

Dagur's eyes landed on the sand dollar Hiccup placed on his desk. Walking over, he picked it up and examined it.

"Hmmm," he said to himself again, "well, this is a rare find." However, Dagur was looking for info on dragons, not petty possessions. He placed it back down where it was and sighed, annoyed and frustrated.

"Nowhere, I get this far, and yet I haven't moved an inch!" Dagur complained. A thought came to his mind and he smiled at the loop hole.

"Maybe, just maybe." He said, leaving the house entirely and heading up the stairs towards the Great Hall.

The Berserker guards stiffened at the entrance of Dagur who came pushing both doors open. He walked up to the crowd and looked upon the evil glares that were given to him.

"I need Fishlegs." He said calmly with his hands placed on his hips. Fishlegs squeaked at the call of his name and shrunk down to make himself invisible. It wasn't working.

Astrid narrowed his reddened eyes and called out from the crowd, "Fishlegs isn't here."

"Alright, if you won't come quietly then I'll just look for myself. I'll group you, bring you outside and if your group has Fishlegs in it then you don't die. So there's aâ€| " Dagur paused for a moment and leaned over to the nearest guard, "How many Berkians are here?" he whispered.

"Twelve hundred sir." The guard whispered back.

"â€so there's a one out of twelve hundredth chance you ****won't**** die. That's pretty good odds if you ask me." He said casually, smiling all the same.

"Wait!" Fishlegs shouted before any movement was made.

"Fishlegs, no!" Astrid whispered.

"Don't do it man." Tuffnut and Ruffnut added.

"I can't let him kill anyone else." Astrid dropped her eyes to the floor and the others let him go with sorrowful looks.

"Stop, Dagur, I'm right here." Fishlegs said as he shuffled through the crowd and up to Dagur.

"Ah, good; we have some things toâ€| discuss." Dagur replied with an evil grin. Fishlegs whined mentally, but continued nonetheless.

* * *

><p>I think that's a good place to pause. I updated a lot earlier now! I had to do a speech in English, but since that's done and over with, I have more free time.

****So now Dagur is going to pick on Fishlegs. Poor Fishlegs. This chapter is a little smaller than my others, but just as important. Quality not quantity!****

****Thanks again for your continuous support with reviews/favorites/followers and just plain overall readers! Thank you so much for loving my stories!****

11. Chapter 11

****Matt, you tell me to quit posting chapters because apparently you hate me and my stories. Why don't you just stop reading them then? If you don't like them, don't read them it's as simple as that. By the way, I'm just going to delete your threats because I don't care for**

them; out of sight, out of mind.**

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>Gobber watched as the door closed, Fishlegs and Dagur disappearing from his view. He sighed and closed his eyes for a few seconds before opening them again. Last time Dagur disappeared with Hiccup and Hiccup didn't come back.<p>

Gobber narrowed his eyes; he wasn't going to think like that. Fishlegs was going to come back; he was going to be alright. Gobber paused for a moment at a thought.

Could the same be for Hiccup? Gobber swallowed the lump in his throat. Such a thought brought on feelings he didn't want to experience, not like this, not at this time. A weep diverted his attention to the left where Astrid was sitting, the twins to the right of her and Snotlout to the left. Ruff and Tuff was staring at the ground with tears welling up in their eyes, you could tell from the sparkle that shined off of them. Snotlout was sporting a heavy frown, his hands on Astrid's shoulders in an attempt to comfort her. Astrid herself was sitting on the floor with her top half bent over slightly; her face covered by her hands as tears streamed down from her eyes.

Gobber looked on with sorrow and approached the morning children. He knelt down to their current level of eye sight and tried to reassure them.

"Things are going to get better, you have to believe that." Ruffnut, Tuffnut and Snotlout looked up at him, but Astrid kept her face concealed.

How are things going to get better when Hiccup isn't here anymore? She thought sadly.

* * *

><p>The Berserker guards pushed Fishlegs into the Haddock house; Fishlegs stumbled forward, but overall kept his balance. He shot a glare at them and wanted to retort something, but decided against it. Berserkers weren't meant to be taken lightly.<p>

Dagur followed through, pushing the guards out of the way and stopping in front of Fishlegs. He lifted his hand and waved the guards away. They left quietly; the only two in the house were now Dagur and Fishlegs.

"So, _Fishlegs_, " Dagur began in a calm tone. "Do you know anything about the dragons Hiccup's been training?"

"No. "

A figure sneaks over to the top of the stairs, peeking out to see Fishlegs being interrogated by Dagur.

"_No_, " Dagur repeats Fishlegs' answer. "You can't fool me, Berkian. "

"If you knew, then why did you ask?" Fishlegs retorted. Dagur narrowed his eyes.

"We can do this the easy way or the hard way."

Dagur's voice echoed upstairs as the figure retreated back to Hiccup's bed and pulled out the Book of Dragons hidden cleverly between the bed post, the wall and the nightstand. His eyes ventured back over to the stairs.

"Tell me all you know of the dragons, and you won't get hurt." Dagur continued.

"I'm not telling you anything, Dagur."

The figure covered himself with a black cloak; pulling the hood on, it covered the majority of his face.

"I'm not going to betray Hiccup." Fishlegs continued.

Dagur chuckled, "Of course you aren't."

The dark figure picked up the Book of Dragons and a metal scrap that was randomly lying around. He held it out in front of him, it facing the floor.

"Because you'll be dead by the time that happens." Dagur smiled viciously, pulling out his axe and aiming it towards Fishlegs who was backing away, eyes wide with fear.

The piece of scrap metal was released and dropped to the floor, landing with a loud clank.

Dagur and Fishlegs immediately looked up at the steps. Dagur narrowed his eyes and growled. He ran up the stairs with his axe ready, but halted once he came into view of the room. No one was there. In the middle of the floor lay the scrap metal. Dagur furrowed his eyebrows and scanned the room. Walking up to the piece of metal, he bent down and picked it up, examining it before scanning the room once more.

Two of the guards came in, seeing Fishlegs all alone down stairs.

"Sir?" one of them called out.

"What?" he called back annoyed.

"What should be done with the prisoner?"

Dagur sighed in thought, "Take him back to the Great Hall, I have something else to work on." The guards grabbed Fishlegs' arm and lead him out the door and back to the Great Hall.

The figure poked his head around the side of the house, watching as the guards escorted Fishlegs to the Great Hall. He smiled softly before turning around and heading back into the woods with the Book of Dragons.

* * *

><p>Four guards stood watch at the prison entrance where Stoick was being held. The building was damaged a little from their invasion, but overall sturdy. One of the guards yawned, while another sighed.<p>

"Wilhelm gets to go out and find those dragons. What do we get? Guard duty." One complained; this Wilhelm character obviously being another Berserker having been tasked with finding the dragons.

"This is the most boring job ever, nothing happens!" another complained.

"Hush up; we are here to make sure Stoick doesn't go anywhere." The third guard argued.

"Yeah, this is an important job." The four added.

The other two guards who were complaining looked at him, "Says you, you're half asleep." One replied.

A green Terrible Terror scurried silently up to the four guards. In its mouth was held a freshly cooked cod.

Unbeknownst to the guards, the little dragon sneaked past and ran down along the side of the building. Because of the prison's lowered conditioning a hole was present in the roof just along the side. The Terrible Terror flew up and into the hole, landing on the floor inside.

Stoick sat on the floor of his cell, head against the wall as he stared straight ahead. He still refused to believe his son, his only child wasâ€| gone. Though he said and thought those things, his faith in the matter was depleting. Most of what he did now was listen to what could be heard; the wind, the silence, and on occasion a mutter or two from those guards. They never fed him, though Stoick knew that was coming.

His heart skipped a beat when he heard the faint flutter of a dragon's wing. He veered his head off the wall and over to the right, towards his cell door.

Pitter patter of tiny claws became louder as the Terrible Terror walked past each cell, looking in to see if he found what he was looking for. A couple more cells down and he found it, or rather him. Upon coming into view, through the cells bars he could see Stoick looking at him. The little green dragon smiled, his teeth still clenching the cod, and flapped his small wings in an attempt to say hello.

"Oh my Thor, what areâ€|" Stoick got up and went over to the cell door, "how did you get in here?" he whispered, confused but at the most happy to see the little fella. Stoick reached his right hand through the bars and petted the little Terrible Terror on the head; it purred and closed his eyes at the touch. After Stoick retracted his palm from his head, the dragon dropped the cod down in Stoick's hand; nudging it as an indication of saying he wanted him to have it. Stoick looked at the cod and then the Terrible Terror. He was confused, but utterly curious on how the dragon knew he was hungry,

knew where he was, but most of all why did he cooked the fish?

Stoick was pulled from his thoughts as he heard the little dragon leave.

"No wait, come back!" he called out as quietly as he could. The dragon just kept going, down the hall, turned left and then flew out through the hole. It flew over and down around the cliff side, the docks just barely visible around the corner. Down close to the water's edge it flew into a cave and landed on a raise up, rounded boulder. It purred as a hand petted its head and rubbed its under jaw.

The figure smiled warmly at the green Terrible Terror, knowing that he indeed gave the cod to Stoick. The figure took off his hood, letting it falling down past his shoulders and hang there. He waved the Terrible Terror forward, deeper into the cave. Their silhouettes slowly disappeared as the darkness concealed them.

* * *

><p>Not as fast of a post as the last one, but still faster than my recent ones! Thanks again for reviews and comments!

12. Chapter 12

Aw, I thank all of you for your continuous love and support! I am happy I'm helping some of you readers out with your writing, and I am glad to know you guys always look forward to my updates. That just makes me want to update even faster!

I don't know how I do it, really. I didn't go to any special school for professional writing, I even struggled in English class with all of the grammar and punctuation, but when I write, if it doesn't look right and doesn't sound right, then it's just not right to me. It just happens; it just comes to me. I must be born with itâ€|

I don't know, but let's continue on with the story shall we!

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>Vincent, along with two guards, approached the Haddock house; inside they Dagur sitting comfortably in Stoick's chair by the fire place reading some of Hiccup's notes left behind in some of his journals. Dagur had feet resting on the edge of the fire pit, one leg crossed over the other, while his neck rested perfectly with the curve of the head rest.<p>

"Sir," Vincent called, notifying Dagur that they recently gained some information.

Dagur looked up from the journal, "What?" he asked aggravated.

"These are the guards you sent to find Hiccup's body in the lake." Vincent replied back calmly.

"Oh, good; and your findingsâ€¦?" Dagur left the question in the air as to let the guards finish.

They stumbled a little, "We didn't find anything sir." Dagur closed his eyes and placed his right thumb and pointer finger on his forehead. The guards continued, "There was no sign of a body in the lake, we searched for hours and researched for hours more."

"You can't stand there and tell me a body can just get up and walk away!" Dagur argued, his temper a sheer sign that he wasn't one to be trifled with.

"However," the other guards quickly added as to save themselves from being beheaded. This indeed got Dagur's attention.

"We did hear a noise in the surrounding area; it sounded small."

"Like a dragon?" Dagur asked himself as he racked his brain.

"Sir, we don't know what kind of dragons Stoick kept here on Berk." Vincent came in with the logic.

"Oh, yes we do." Dagur smiled at his brilliance. "Hiccup, is like our little archive of dragon and dragon relative information." He held out the journal he was recently reading. "You see this?" he pointed to a small Terrible Terror on the current page, "This is a Terrible Terror and they're quite small."

"I knew that." One of the guards softly whispered to the other. Vincent looked back at them only with his eyes, within a second his eyes were back on Dagur.

"Good, so now we really ****know**** Stoick's massing an army of dragons." Vincent replied not being one to rely on anything Dagur says.

"What, did you think I was lying before?" Dagur had a threatening tone to his voice.

"No sir, I meant this information would help exceedingly with the search parties out looking for the dragons. Knowing what to find would be easier and quicker." Vincent quickly covered up. Dagur narrowed his eyes, but dismissed it all together. He waved the two guards out so he and Vincent could talk in private. Vincent noticed Dagur was deep in thought.

"Have you caught something sir?"

"Have any of the search parties found signs of the dragons?"

"No sir."

"Hmmm, no dragons, no bodyâ€¦"

"Sir?"

"Nothing, leave." Vincent turned to leave, but was stopped once more. "Actually, before you go;" Vincent turned back around to face Dagur, "Have you been feeding Stoick?"

"No sir."

"Good, continue to do so." Vincent nodded in understanding and left. Dagur narrowed his eyes once more and drifted them off to the side, his head turning as well in thought.

* * *

><p>Thirteen Berserker soldiers were grouped together in search for any signs of the dragons. Vincent was very precise in his orders to capture rather than kill the dragons should any be found.<p>

The soldiers walked onward slowly with their weapons drawn and readied. They formed themselves into an arrow, a crude arrow actually; more being in the back instead of at front.

Toothless growled lowly at the intruders from the top of a tree branch. The thick leaves hid him within leaving the soldiers right below him to pass unaware. As they moved by underneath him, Toothless twisted his body to keep his on them. He lifted his head to the left, looking at the nearest tree. Within the color, Kamel blended herself into the tree. She uncurled her body and stealthily climbed down to the forest floor where the unsuspecting Berserker soldiers marched. With their backs to the dragons, the Berserkers didn't notice Kamel flashing her camouflage on and off, a signal unknown.

The Berserkers traveled into an open field about the length of a football field. A hiss in the woods alerted them to a presence. Some gasped as they turned their heads to the right; another hiss and they turned their heads towards its directionâ€"to the left.

Growls and hisses erupted from behind the tree lines all around them. Their heads turned every which way, some looked at each other thinking the same thing.

"We are so dead." One whispered. Suddenly the hissing and threatening growls stopped. The Berserkers stood absolutely still, none wanting to make a sound or move an inch.

A purple plasma blast was shot towards them; landing just to the group's right. The Berserkers that were close to the blast ended up backing into their allies. Another blast came from in front of them, out of the tree line, a blast of white hot fire. This also made them to stumble backwards.

Archers aimed their crossbows into the woods, but their eyes picked up on nothing. A spike flew through the air, landing a centimeter away from the foot of one of the archers. The blue and yellow spike was not the last and more and more came their way. Berserkers had to move this time, running to the right and into the tree line to avoid death.

The dragons gave chase, Toothless keeping his distance but not too far behind as he had a visual. If any of the humans diverted their path, Toothless shot a plasma blast to steer them back in the correct direction. The other dragons did the same, the whole scene looked as

if the humans were being _herded_.

Suddenly, a Berserker stopped short, the others running into him, but stopping as well when they saw the danger. All thirteen were at the cove, the edge just a few steps away from them all. With an unsuspected push from a certain Nightmare, Hookfang used his head to push the lot of them off and into the lake water below. The multitude screamed as they descended, a splash silence those screams'.

A few were left now, arms ready for the Nightmare, but their moment of recovery was taken away as Stormfly whipped her tail out towards them; it acting like a barrier and pushing the remaining threat off and into the lake with the others.

The Berserkers came up to the surface, kicking their feet against gravity that very much wanted to bring them back under. Much to their dismay, it didn't matter for they weren't going to be able to leave anytime soon. Surrounding the entire perimeter was dragons upon dragons upon dragons. Monstrous Nightmares, Deadly Nadders, Gronkles, Zipplebacks, Terrible Terrors, Thunderdrums, a Changewing, coming up from the ground were a herd of Whispering Deaths, and one Night Fury.

Toothless huffed at them before turning around and leaving the place. Kamel followed as well as the little green Terrible Terror that assisted the dark figure earlier. Soon after, Stormfly left with Hookfang, Meatlug, and Barf and Belch. Together they headed back towards the village.

* * *

><p>The figure silently skipped across the grass and up to the prison. He jumped up and climbed through the small hole, his legs going in first. Before he could get fully in, a soft row erupted in the distance. Toothless came running up to him along with Kamel and the little Terrible Terror, Stormfly, Hookfang, Meatlug, and Barf and Belch following close behind.<p>

"Shh, guys; you have to stay quiet." The figure spoke; looking down at Toothless and the other big dragons, "Guard the perimeter." With that the figure climbed in and landed on the floor inside. The little green Terrible Terror followed him inside, Toothless guarded the hole, Kamel jumped up on the roof camouflaged, Barf, Belch and Hookfang took the right side as Stormfly and Meatlug took the left.

Inside, the figure walked past each cell, looking in for the person he was trying to find; his prosthetic on his left foot tapped with every step. The Terrible Terror ran forward and stopped at a cell just ahead. It sat down and wiggled its tail, sticking its tongue out in a greeting.

Stoick's hand could be seen reaching through the bars and petting the little dragon on the head. The figure breathed in, then out; blinking his green eyes.

His mouth parted, "Dad?"

Stoick's hand ceased movement, a shock overwhelming his body. The figure walked up to the cell and stood in front of it, right beside

the Terrible Terror. He removed his hood, letting it drift down and settle on his back.

"Hiccup?!" Stoick said with surprise and unimaginable joy.

To be continuedâ€|

* * *

><p>Well, isn't that a good place to stop for a while. How many of you figured out it was Hiccup all along? How many of you were utterly shocked to find out it was Hiccup all along? However, I think this answers your outrage **_Matt_****; Hiccup's not dead. I don't kill my characters, remember that. I think the final question is, how the heck did he survive? You'll find out in the next chapter!**

Thank you again everyone!

13. Chapter 13

Sorry for the long waits guys, I know you must be anxious to read on.

So without further ado!

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>"Hiccup?!" Stoick exclaimed with sure surprise, but overwhelming joy. He wanted to question what he was seeing, thinking it was a trick of the light, but he knew, all along, Hiccup was alive and here in front of him.<p>

Stoick rushed to the bars, arms stretched out as Hiccup closed the space between them; Stoick intensified the hug after wrapping his arms around his son's back.

"I knew it, I knew you weren't dead!" Stoick said through the choking tears. "I couldn't put myself up to believe you were gone."

"I'm alright, honest." Hiccup replied. They pulled away, Stoick still grasping Hiccup's shoulders, a smile on his face. Hiccup grabbed the bars that separated him from his father.

"You can't open it without a key." Stoick said sadly.

"I can get it open, the dragonsâ€"

"Hiccup, wait; no." Hiccup paused and looked at his dad with confusion and sorrow. Stoick continued, "If the Berserkers find out I'm gone, if Dagur catches on to you being aliveâ€|" Stoick didn't finish the sentence, but rather skipped to the importance, "I have to stay here."

"Butâ€" Stoick gripped Hiccup's shoulders a little harder, getting his attention.

"It's safer this wayâ€¦ for you." Hiccup sighed, knowing this was true but not liking it one bit. He came to here to get his father out, not come say hello and then leave again.

Stoick looked at Hiccup with a smile on his face, "It was you;" Hiccup looked up, confounded. Stoick continued, "The one who brought the fish; you cooked it and got this little dragon to bring it to me." Stoick finished while pointing to the green Terrible Terror at Hiccup's feet.

Hiccup smiled, "I couldn't let you starve."

"Hiccup, everyone thinks you're dead." Stoick tries to shake his head free from those moments when Dagur claimed the death of his son. "What happened?"

Hiccup's eyes drifted down to the floor, his mind reeling back to what he could remember.

"The last thing I remember was running away from Dagur and ending up at the cove." He closed his eyes.

Hiccup struggled against the bonds of Dagur, his vision getting blurred by the second. Unconsciousness was close to grabbing him, but Hiccup won't let Dagur win. He stomped his foot as hard as he could down on Dagur's; the man yelped from the sudden pain and released him. However, Hiccup's balance was directed the wrong way and he stumbled backwards and off the cliff. His vision turned black and his conscious state disappeared right before he hit the water. A huge splash sounded as Hiccup's body made contact, the bubbles floating around him as he sunk; leaving him as he continued further down. His mouth unwillingly opened and water invader his lungs. Suddenly, his was pulled away from the lake floor, upwards toward the surface. However, he did not break the watery wall, but instead was pulled across the lake and to the other side._

Hiccup's body was pulled onshore by an invisible source and gently carried over to the cover of the bushes. Behind the bushes was Toothless who quickly began to nudge Hiccup once he was put down. Kamel came out of her camouflage and waited for the boy to wake, ready in case she needed to help in any way._

Toothless' nudges weren't working so he lifted his head up, aimed his nose right above Hiccup's chest and pushed down on it in one swift motion. Hiccup jolted awake, coughing up the water immediately. He rolled onto his left side before heaving up more of his stomach contents._

Whilst Hiccup refilled his lungs with the much needed air they deserved, Kamel glanced back over to the cliff side, her eyes narrowing. Dagur had raced down to the path way into the cove, a way blocked by view. With their chance at escaping undetected, Kamel communicated this to Toothless and he nodded. Toothless grasped Hiccup's shirt collar and lifted him off of the ground. The two dragons flapped their wings, Toothless just barely making it to the cliff's edge before his absence of tail started to take its toll. He struggled with his grip; Kamel helping him. As soon as they were safely up, Toothless placed Hiccup down on the grass; Hiccup coughing once more before blinking his eyes open. Above him he was met with

the friendly stares of Toothless and Kamelâ€|_

Hiccup's eyes opened, "The next thing I know I wake up to Toothless and Kamel staring down at me." Hiccup looked up at his father and sighs, "It's all my fault. If I had just told you earlierâ€|"

"Hiccup, you couldn't haveâ€"

"No dad, that's just it, I **did** know! And I didn't say anything!"

"People make mistakes, Hiccup. You're not perfect." Stoick tried to calm him.

"But it's just like you said, everyone thinks I'm dead." Hiccup sighs, "I want them to know I'm alive, but I don't know how to do that without getting caught."

Stoick's eyes veered to the left in thought, an idea popped into his head and he addressed himself before Hiccup again.

"Do the same thing you did with me." Stoick suggested.

"The dragons?" Hiccup asked, somewhat catching on to what his father had in mind.

"They'll know, but the Berserkers won't." Stoick smiled. Hiccup smiled as well.

"Alright." Hiccup hugged his father one last time before backing away to leave.

"Hiccup!" Stoick said, Hiccup turned around looking at his father. "Please be safe." He finished softly. Hiccup nodded, replacing the hood over his face, it concealing his face in shadows. Hiccup turned and ran down the corridor, the little Terrible Terror right at his heels.

Stoick kept his grip on the bars as he watched his son disappear. When he could no longer see him, he sighed and went back to his spot in the back on the floor.

* * *

><p>Night set on Berk, the only lights available were the white dotting the sky and the firey yellow glowing through the windows and burning on the streets. Berserker soldiers, grouped in two's, patrolled the boulevard.<p>

Hiccup ran in between two houses, stopping behind the second to crouch and scan the area. He poked his head out around the corner, quickly retracting it behind cover when two soldiers were heading his way. Once they passed, Hiccup resumed his scope. As the close was clear, he turned around to address himself to the dragons; Stormfly, Toothless, Hookfang, Meatlug, Barf and Belch, Kamel, and the little Terrible Terror.

"Okay, when the signal comes, create the distraction." He said before they all got into place.

To be continuedâ€|

* * *

><p>Oh, aren't I just evil. Stopping it right in the middle of the good stuff, but I wanted to leave that for another chapter. Until then, many thanks for your continuous praises and reviewsfavorites/followers!**

14. Chapter 14

Matt, once again I have to explain myself to you. When I say I don't kill my characters, I mean characters that I don't own. **I own the Banshee****, I said that in every chapter. You can't kill a character you don't own, the rights are not yours; at least that's how I feel. Killing the main protagonist is stupid and hardly ever done (I can't say it's never done because Shakespeare does it all the time with his tragedies). The only characters I kill are the ones I own, or minor characters that I place to fill roles like soldiers or henchmen. If I deem it unnecessary to continue the existence of a character I own, then I'll kill it off. Once again, I strive to stay as close as possible to the real deal, OC are not part of the show and therefore I probably won't keep them in my stories.**

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>Dagur stood tall with his hands cupped behind his back as he watched more and more of his ships pull closer to Berk.<p>

Vincent approached, stopping beside him and gazing at the view as well.

"The ships are ready to dock, sir. We can move the catapults on land to better stabilize our position."

"Stabilize our position?" Dagur repeated.

"The dragons, sir. Should these rumors be trueâ€" "

"Rumors?" Dagur chuckles, "Vincent, Vincent, Vincent; these rumors are very much true." Dagur's demeanor changes rapidly from cocky to sadistic. "Stoick is hiding these dragons and Hiccup is training them." Dagur gets closer to his face, "Question my intelligence again and you will end up like a certain someone we know." he threatened before walking away.

* * *

><p>Hiccup jumped and rolled over to the next building, his cloak concealing his figure within the darkness. He peered over the edge, the light from a nearby torch only able to illuminate his green eyes, scanning the surroundings once more. Once two Berserker guards came into view he set the plan into motion.<p>

The two guards stopped in their tracks when they heard what sounded

like a rustle behind one of the houses. They looked at each other, and then rushed over with their weapons drawn and ready. Just around the corner they paused to looking both ways to see if anything was amiss. While looking left, one spotted a dark small figure standing half way behind the other house.

"Hey, you!" He shouted as he pointed in the direction, his colleague glancing that way as well. The figure ran off, out of sight.

"Stop!" The other guard yelled.

"A prisoner has escaped!" the first added. They both gave chase, following the so called prisoner out into the open right at the center plaza. The figure halted there right off to the side of a torch, back turned to his pursuers. Five more groups of guards channeled in, surrounding the figure on all sides; all weapons were ready to strike, posed towards the detainee.

Hiccup turned his head around only slightly, his emerald eyes being the only thing the guards to see from his face, his prosthetic leg shining from the light being the only thing they could see from his body.

"I have a message for Dagur." Hiccup paused before continuing. "Tell him he's over stayed his welcome." In the instant he finished, he ducked, body falling straight to the ground. As soon as he was out of the way, a blast of purple plasma flew past him and blew up in front of the guards. More and more were released, each taking out the blockade of Berserkers. As the close was clear, Hiccup stood back up and jumped on the back of Toothless, hooking his prosthetic up to the pedal and clicking the tail to life.

One of the guards looked up at him and gasped at what he saw.

"The Night Fury; he's riding the Night Fury!" Toothless launched himself forward, only inches away from the guard's head before lifting up and into the night sky.

* * *

><p>Dagur walked down along the cliff side, the docks just ahead of him. A roar in the sky alerted him and he immediately looked up. Though nothing could be seen, he heard the roar again, then a sizzle of some sort before witnessing a purple blast of light burst into the sky creating a spherical radiance of light. The flash light up the town like a lightning bolt would, existing for just a few seconds but illuminating almost everything.<p>

* * *

><p>The dozen of dragons that kept watch of the prisoners at the cove lifted their heads when the blast illuminated the sky. The signal<p>

A Monstrous Nightmare roared into the sky, expanded his wings and took off towards the signal. The others followed as well, Nadders along with Gronkles and Zipplebacks, Thunderdrums, especially a certain Thornado, raced off into the sky; only a few stayed behind as planned to watch the current thirteen Berserkers.

* * *

><p>Hiccup and Toothless soared out to sea, their presence gone unnoticed by the Berserker ships below them. They saw the blast, this is for certain, but its origins and reason unknown.<p>

The cloak covering Hiccup fluttered about in the sharp winds, because of the waft Hiccup's hood was down, but his identity was protected within the night all the same. Toothless still had his red tail fin, but the darkness and the distance from the adversaries concealed its bright colors.

As the dragons approached Hiccup and Toothless, the fight could finally begin.

"Never misses a mark." Hiccup recited from the Night Fury page in the Book of Dragons before he, Toothless, and the other dragons dived down towards the ship. The first shot was by Toothless, a high pitch reverberating from his throat before a hot blast of plasma shot out and slammed into the first ship's main sail. The crew was shocked as the sail post crumpled and fell over. An unknown enemy was attacking.

* * *

><p>Hookfang caught himself on fire, blasting Berserker soldiers left and right. Beside him was Stormfly who was getting quite used to grabbing nearby Berserkers with her teeth and throwing them off to the side like a toy. She readied her spikes and flung them into the crowd of the enemy. Meatlug was in the sky, bombarding the soldiers with lava rocks and just making their lives very unpleasant. Enough could be said for Barf and Belch, taking after their riders, they too were causing mayhem as they only used Barf's gas to disorient the soldiers, at least right before blasting them away with Belch's spark.<p>

Kamel was busing herself in camouflage, moving around unseen to a position before striking. She was currently on top a roof overlooking a Berserker getting too close. Least expecting an attack the Berserker turned his back and fired his arrows at Meatlug in the sky. Kamel swung her head down, bite down onto the Berserker's torso and flung him away with just a twist of her neck.

The little green Terrible Terror was busy with something else. It raced off away from the battle and to the Haddock house. Fortunately the house was empty for the time being so no stealth was necessary. Nor was it needed at the time as his task was to be made with haste. He flapped his little wings and flew up the stairs, landing on the desk in Hiccup's room. He gently picked up the sand dollar with his teeth and flew off back down the stairs and out the door. He continued to fly until he was almost to the doors of the Great Hall. Be patient, he was to wait for some Berserker guards to storm out to aid in the fight. Just as expected, five Berserkers ran out, the door now open for him. Quickly before it shut, he crawled in and kept to the side, away from the other numerous Berserker eyes. Staying low to the ground, he crept along, moving the whole way around until he spotted who he was looking for. Astrid sat by herself, her legs bent into her body with her arms wrapping around them. She was looking down at the ground, a heavy frown on her face. Her eyes were red, a sure sign that tears were once present. But all of that was going to

change soon.

As the little Terrible Terror approached her, he kept looking around, scanning for possible discovery of his presence from the guards. With none, he made a final leap towards her and tapped her leg.

Astrid looked down surprised, a Terrible Terror was right in front of her. A Terrible Terror was right in front of her! A dragon, here, what on Earth was it doing here!

She made an attempt to shoo the little guy away, beforeâ€

The green dragon placed the sand dollar down on the ground in front of her and her actions stopped. She was frozen where she sat, eyes wide staring at the treasure. The little dragon sensed nearing Berserker and scurried off, out of sight. When the door opened again, he escaped. Mission complete

Astrid kept staring at the sand dollar, wanting to believe her eyes were deceiving her.

Thisâ€ this is Hiccup's. He found it only a couple of days ago. She thought, speechless.

She slowly picked it up off the floor, raising it to her eye level, she gawked at it.

"Hiccupâ€" she whispered to herself. A hope was beginning to form deep within, the connection made. "He's alive?" A smile was replacing the frown and he laughed, covering her mouth with one hand; tears began to fall, but their reasons were different now.

No long filled with sorrow, but now with joy, "Hiccup is alive!" she whispered with cheer.

* * *

><p>So sorry for this chapter taking almost a week to be posted. Graduation is next week and I'm busy at school. But don't worry; I don't see my next chapter taking so long. Thanks again for the continuous support guys!

15. Chapter 15

I really can't wait to start Gumshoe now. I just got an awesome idea, and this one scene towards the end is going to be epic! Suspense as always, but with a mix of **_father/son relationship**_** and **_**enemy vs father/son showdown**_**. I think I'm going to have its genre as mystery, but only mystery because it's also friendship, family, suspense, adventure, and hurt/comfort. Since I can only have two separate genres, I'm just placing it at mystery.**

Disclaimer: I own nothing

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><p>The northern waters of Berk were full of blazing ships, roars of dragons, and shooting lights fluttering across the sky.<p>

Toothless and Hiccup flew through the battle field, past several burning ships and firing their own shots to better diminish the outnumbering Berserker war crafts. With the waters secured no other Berserker fleets could pass, therefore the number of enemies to get rid of will only lessen.

Though not every plan is fool proof, there is always something that goes wrong, but Hiccup was going to make the best of it and take out as many as he could. The next step was to free his people and his father, but that would be easier said than done. There was Dagur, and he would end up killing everyone if they escaped; and his father would most likely be first. He'd have to distract Dagur somehow, have his people fight the Berserker guards and soldiers.

Hiccup had to focus back on the fight in front of him to avoid getting himself killed.

I'll come up with a plan in the near future; right now I have these ships to deal with. He thought to himself. He and Toothless veered left past a sinking ship, coming up to another that was catapulting boulders right at them. Two went off and Toothless and Hiccup veered right to avoid being hit. They flew around the ship, but before they left Toothless fired a plasma blast right in between the two catapults, successfully taking both out and disorienting the crew.

Hiccup looked back to see Thornado swooping down and completely taking out the ship. Said Thunderdrum caught up to Toothless and Hiccup and the three flew side by side.

"Another one down," Hiccup said to himself as they continued to reduce the enemy numbers.

* * *

><p>"Dragons!" a guard hollered, his voice echoing throughout the Great Hall. Guards filled out in large numbers, their staffs, swords, and axes ready in their hands.<p>

The Berkians were greatly surprised to hear the dragons were attacking, but all the more gracious for some good news. Maybe this nightmare would end soon.

Astrid rushed over to Gobber, gently pushing her way through the crowd.

"Gobber!" she whispered as loudly as she could without alerting any guards. "Gobber!" she repeated as the first try didn't make his ears. He heard her and turned, she finally was able to get to him. Once the two were face to face, the other teens beside him in a group, she held up Hiccup's sand dollar with a smile on her face and a tear or two of joy.

"It's Hiccup," she said, Gobber took the sand dollar in his hands, looked at it and then back at Astrid. "He's alive!"

"What? Howâ€"how do you know?" Gobber asked, hope rising in him that what they were told was a lie, a glorious lie.

"It's Hiccup's sand dollar, he found it just a day before Dagur came; he showed me it." The teens came closer when they heard this, but more because they thought they heard the Hiccup was alive. "A small Terrible Terror came up to me and gave me this, then disappeared."

"A Terrible Terrorâ€|" Gobber pondered on this. A smile formed brightly on his lips, "Hiccup!"

"Wait, so Hiccup's alive?" Fishlegs asked, getting excited as well. Astrid nodded enthusiastically.

"Dude, is he a ghost?" Tuffnut asked.

"No, you idiot, he never died. Dagur lied to us." Astrid replied.

"Well maybe Dagur doesn't know that Hiccup is alive, maybe he really thought he did die." Fishlegs presumed.

"Oh, no, no, no, that might not be good. Dagur believing Hiccup to be deceased will give us an edge. If he finds out, we could lose this war, and Hiccup for real." Gobber informed them.

"Well we better do something quick because unless my ears are wrong, there is a fiery dragon battle going on out there." Snotlout stuck in his two cents.

"Like what, tell everyone here that Hiccup is actually alive?" Fishlegs asked.

"Wait," a random villager overheard their conversation. "Hiccup is alive?" she asked.

"Well if you didn't want them to know, it's too late to turn back now." Snotlout said.

Another villager overheard the female, "Hiccup's alive?" he asked.

"Yes!" the other female told him.

"He's alive?"

"He's alive!"

Murmurs started to flood the crowd as the word was passed from individual to individual.

"Hiccup's alive!"

"He's alive?"

"He's alive!"

"Hiccup?"

"Yeah!"

"He's survived, he's here!"

"He's has the dragons!"

"He's fighting right now!"

"Hiccup!"

* * *

><p>Things were starting to get heated in the village as the fight between each dragon and the Berserkers kept going back and forth, each side residing in no progression.<p>

Dagur ran towards the turmoil as fast as he could, his good hand clenched tightly on his dagger. He ran past his wounded men, with no care, pushed away some of his guards, they falling in the process, and did a roll before launching his dagger right towards the throat of a certain Changewing. Kamel saw this right before it was too late and dodged, turning invisible right away.

"Plenty more where that came from." Dagur stated with a smile as he brought out another dagger. He twirled it between his fingers before tossing it behind him, almost hitting Hookfang in the process. He growled and caught himself on fire before charged towards Dagur.

"Come here," Dagur whispered to himself as another dagger was readied. He grunted as he threw it, aiming right at the center of Hookfang's head. Fortunately, Stormfly had his back and shot some of her spikes towards the dagger, sending said dagger's trajectory off course and missing. With no interruptions, Hookfang was able to hit Dagur with a flaming ball of fire. Dagur cried out as he was flung backwards and into a building.

Vincent approached him and started firing his cross bow.

"Dagur, there is too many! Our ships are being destroyed at sea and these dragons are working as a team."

"There is no such thing as too many in my book!" He yelled back with frustration.

But the fact that these beasts are organized and coordinated can only mean one thing. He thought with narrowed eyes.

"Fall back!" Dagur yelled at his men.

"What?" Vincent questioned him with great surprise. "Fall back; we never fall back!"

"I said to fall back;" Dagur hissed through clenched teeth. "I have a plan."

As Dagur and the others ran away to the docks, the dragons gave chase, only to stop when a amethyst flash in the sky caught their attention. The signal again

The dragons of Hiccup's party were retreating after a successful mission. Hookfang, Stormfly, Meatlug, Barf and Belch, and Kamel flew up into the sky and rejoined with Hiccup.

Dagger looked up into the blackened night, trying to pin point a certain Night Fury that may or may not be holding a certain boy that has eluded capture.

A roar from only a Night Fury was his answer as he watched the dragons fly further and further away.

"Oh, I have a planâ€|" He smiled deviously, "And it _will_ work."

* * *

><p>Ha, did you guys think that was the final battle? This is only stage numeral UNO! Thanks again for your reviews, comments, favorites, follows and so much more! Sorry again for any grammar mistake.

16. Chapter 16

My next story, that I've already have the first chapter done, is Gumshoe and I will post it as soon as I'm done with this current story. Alvin will make another entrance in Gumshoe, so be prepared for more suspense!

This story is almost done guys; about 3-4 more chapters left. It seems like it was only yesterday when I posted it, nah I'm just kidding, haha.

WARNING: Suspense

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>Toothless glided into the dark cave, flapping his wings a few times before gracefully landing on the rock floor. The other dragons came in as well, landing and tiredly trotting over to a spot deemed suitable for a nap.<p>

Hiccup jumped off of Toothless and rubbed his aching limbs; war was really stressful. Though sleep has recently been evading him, he felt a yawn come and couldn't do anything to stop it. He stretched his arms and walked over to where Toothless was heading. Said dragon found a nice spot on top of a flat slab of rock, kneaded it for a while before curling up and finally resting in an oval shaped ball. Hiccup plopped down next to him, leaning his head against Toothless' belly. Toothless brought his tail up and used his fins to cover Hiccup's body like a blanket; nestling himself in, he yawned and closed his eyes.

Stormfly was leaning against the base of the small up lift of the rock slab Toothless and Hiccup were on. Meatlug trotted up to her, plopped down in the middle of the cave and fell asleep. Barf and Belch were already up against a rock fast asleep and Hookfang was nestled against the base of the rock slab like Stormfly except on the opposite side. The rest of the large group laid wherever, Kamel and the little green Terrible Terror came up beside Hookfang and Stormfly and plopped themselves down as well. However, the little Terrible Terror grew restless in his spot, getting up he went over to Hiccup

and cuddled against his left side.

Hiccup yawned once more, blinking his eyes free from the blurriness that was taking over his vision. His eyelids grew heavy as blinking led to closed eyes before he began to fall asleep.

* * *

><p>Dagur paced back and forth within Hiccup's bedroom up stairs. Vincent stood off to the side, hands clapped together behind his back as he waited patiently upon his chief's order. Dagur paused, standing in front of Vincent.<p>

"What time is it?" he asked.

"From the look of the sky sir, I'd say three hours away from dawn." Vincent replied.

It's been hours since the battle with those dragons, they would have had enough time to rest, at least so they could feel some refresh when they awoke.

"Excellent. Bring Stoick." Dagur demanded with a vicious smile.

* * *

><p>Two shadows crept up to Stoick who sat within the boundaries of his cell. He looked up to them, no change in expression to the Berserker guards. Stoick was stoic as they lead him away.<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup's body twitched a little as he was gradually coming out of his unconscious state. He turned his head to the left, his eyes tightening.<p>

Whispers could be heard echoing within the cave as Hiccup opened his eyes and jolted forward. He looked around, but only saw within the dim light the silhouettes of the dragons. He was in that state of mind where you couldn't tell if what you saw or heard or thought was a dream or reality. He shook his head, rubbing his forehead before getting up off of Toothless. The little Terrible Terror stirred from the movement and blinked his eyes open. Toothless also awoke from the lack of presence that once was resting against him. He lifted his head and looked at Hiccup, tilting his head and cooing. The little green dragon stretched its body and yawned himself awake.

Hiccup stood there for a good thirty seconds thinking, thinking about his father. Perhaps he should go see him again, maybe inform him of their recent success. But Hiccup knew the real reason he felt to visit his father; he had another nightmare and his father's comfort was what he needed right now.

"Come on Toothless, let's go." He jumped onto Toothless' back, Toothless already up and ready to go. The little Terrible Terror decided to join the two, and spread his wings as Toothless did. The three flew out of the cave and towards the village.

* * *

><p>At the prison center, Hiccup jumped down from the hole in the ceiling followed by the Terrible Terror. He sneaked through the empty corridor and up to the cell that contained his dad.<p>

"Dad?" he asked as he approached the door. To his surprise and utter dismay, his father was no longer there. Fear began to grip him as he gasped and searched his surroundings.

"Dad?!" he called out again, but no answer. He slipped his hood up on his head before turning around and dashing towards the exit hole.

"There he is!" The voice caused Hiccup to gasp once more and veer his head around to be greeted with the presence of four Berserker guards. Hiccup raced to the hole, his little dragon friend growling as the Berserkers gave chase towards them. With a cough, a bolt of fire was sent their way and they ducked and rolled to avoid getting burned. The Terrible Terror huffed before following Hiccup and disappearing through the hole.

"Toothless! Toothless where are you?!" Hiccup called out as he desperately searched for his friend. Toothless hopped out of his hiding place and flew off as soon as Hiccup jumped on and clicked in the prosthetic; the Terrible Terror following closely behind.

* * *

><p>Stoick was pushed forward towards Dagur in the Haddock house, his own house. His wrists were tied tightly behind his back securing his imprisonment and greatly reducing his effectiveness at retaliation.<p>

Stoick stumbled forwards a little before regaining his balance. Looking at Dagur, he saw the man, or young man, wear a mischievous grin on his face.

Stoick narrowed his eyes, "What are you up to, Dagur?" Stoick asked with a vindictive tone.

"Nothing; why would you ask such a thing, Stoick?" Dagur replied with an equally opposite tone, his smile still there.

"You didn't bring me here for nothing."

* * *

><p>Hiccup kept his body up against the back wall of the Haddock house before jumping up to the roof window and climbing in.<p>

* * *

><p>"Ah yes, that****." **Dagur replied. "Nothing personal Stoick, but I need to kill you now."

* * *

><p>Hiccup silently landed on the wooden floor in his room and snuck over to the rafters near the top of the steps.<p>

"â€"I need to kill you now." He heard Dagur say as he peered over the

edge of the wood. He gasped at the sight, seeing his father standing there tied up and Dagur pulling out his axe.

* * *

><p>That's not how Dagur actsâ€| Stoick thought to himself as he furrowed his eyebrows at Dagur's actions. His eyes widened at realization,

He's playing, it's a trap!

In the corner of his eyes he saw Hiccup poking his head out from the rafters near the steps.

NO!

Dagur rushed towards Stoick with his axe high in the air, waiting for the right momeâ€"

"NO!" a shout reverberated from behind him, and Dagur's smile grew. He instantly paused his rush, turned around, brought out a small round weapon and threw it up at the stairs.

The bomb exploded in a gaseous form, Hiccup screamed and ducked from its fumes. The gas spread across the room in seconds, choking the oxygen out of Hiccup.

"NO!" Stoick yelled as he kicked Dagur forwards into his chair. Dagur screamed as he was sent flying forward, colliding with the table and chair, falling over onto the floor within a heap of furniture. One of the two guards swatted his staff at Stoick, but Stoick ducked out of the way and kicked him too away. The next guard was luckier as he managed to get a hit, punching Stoick in the jaw and stunning him for a while.

Hiccup coughed loudly, holding his chest as he desperately breathed in for oxygen to enter his lungs. But the gas spread itself throughout the room. Hiccup struggled to stand back up, his limbs growing weaker by each breath.

Suddenly, a wire was wrapped around his throat and he was hauled up.

"Hello, Hiccup." Dagur muffled through a cloth covering his mouth and nose. He had managed to recover from Stoick's little attack and run up stairs all the while placing a protective cloth over his face in the matter of ten seconds.

Hiccup was on his knees, his hands struggling to loosen the force on his throat, but Dagur soon pinned him to the floor and put pressure on his chest.

Can'tâ€|breatheâ€| He gasped in thought as he fought with his captor. His actions became weaker, Dagur's became stronger. His vision began to blur, his mind attempted to close off itself from reality, from consciousness.

No! I can't!

"Daâ€"gurâ€|" he choked out with his last breath.

****To be continuedâ€|****

*** * ***

><p>This chapter went better than I planned for. Well, I'll let you guys yell at me for leaving you off with such a suspenseful and yet epic scene. I graduate tomorrow, so no more school getting in the way of my posting rate! Hurrah! Thanks for the commentsreviews/favorites/followers, I appreciate it, truly I do.**

17. Chapter 17

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

*** * ***

><p>Hiccup's eyelids closed as his body fell limp in Dagur's grip. Dagur unraveled the wire from Hiccup's neck and gently laid him down on the floor, stomach down. Dagur took the heel of his wrist and hit Hiccup's back, right in between the shoulder blades. The action caused Hiccup to cough, breath in and cough some more. He began to lift himself up weakly, but Dagur placed his boot on his back forced him back down. Taking the wire into his hands, Dagur brought Hiccup's hands together across his back and tied them tightly with it.<p>

Hiccup's conscious state was on the line like many things right now. Each breath he so desperately needed was bringing in that toxic gas. His first guess on its purpose was disorientation, but Hiccup didn't feel disoriented, just tired and weak. It was like someone sucked all of his energy out of him; his limbs felt like they were paralyzed.

Dagur picked him up by the neck of his shirt and dragged him over to the wall, leaning his back against it. Bending down in front of Hiccup, he smiled as he watched him try to keep his eyelids open.

Dagur's attention was brought back to the struggle down stairs. He stood up and brought out his axe.

Turning back towards Hiccup, "I'll be back, just need to deal with your daddy; shouldn't take long." He said with a crooked smile.

*** * ***

><p>Stoick sucker punched the guard in the face after ducking from another blow. Looking upon the two fallen men, he nodded in satisfaction and bent down to one of the weapons lying on the floor. With a few strokes the blade carved straight through the rope around his wrists and he was set free.<p>

Footsteps were heard rushing up towards him and Stoick widened his eyes before ducking completely to avoid the blade that was most certainly aimed for his throat. Dagur took stance in front of him, axe in a strong grip with his eyes gleaming for a kill.

Stoick pulled a staff from one of the hands of the fallen guards, twirled it and then aimed it ready at Dagur.

"I've been waiting for a while now to be able to do this." Stoick said with utter confidence.

"You have no idea." Dagur said with a twisted smile and no regret to his name.

* * *

><p>With a half clear vision, Hiccup spotted something on his desk that he knew would help immensely. The only problem would be to get there. With jelly limbs he pushed his body forward only to have it fall sideways onto the floor.<p>

At this moment he felt like screaming out in frustration, but with little energy his breathes had to be saved for the obvious, breathing. Just the action of falling sideways caused his heart rate to quicken for the needed oxygen.

What in the world is this stuff!?! He thought with aggravation.

* * *

><p>Toothless sat in the grass waiting patiently for his rider to reappear. His ears were perked, twitching every which way when he heard a sound. Hiccup left him out here in a rush to get inside; for what exactly? Toothless had no idea; his rider just seemed on edge. The little Terrible Terror beside him started to scratch at the back wall of the house. It smelled the air and then sneezed. Toothless' ear twitched upward when he heard something, a screamâ€| sounding like Hiccup's voice.<p>

Toothless stood up, eyes alert and senses focused. His first course of action was to barge into the house despite their whole incognito act, but after pausing to question the outcome of that, Toothless thought it'd be better for him to advance furtivelyâ€| but which way to enter?

Looking down at the little Terrible Terror the two seemed to have gotten the same idea. Toothless, staying low to the ground, went around to the front while the little green guy climbed up the side of the wall and squeezed himself in through the ceiling window.

Toothless was two steps away from the corner when he had to shrink back from the unsuspecting Berserker soldiers running up to the house. Something clicked in his mind and Toothless didn't like the feeling it brought.

* * *

><p>Metal was clanking downstairs, both opponents seemingly on equal grounds. Dagur growled as Stoick kept pushing his weight on his axe as the two battled to overtake the other. Dagur pushed forward, lifting the pressure from his blade and running over to table, jumping on top of it.<p>

_At least he's a better opponent than my father, __**he**__ was

easyâ€¦ messy, but easy._ Dagur thought to himself as he glared at Stoick with a wicked smile.

"You're putting up a fight, goodâ€¦ can't say the same for Hiccup though." Dagur announced gleefully. His smile grew when Stoick's eyes widened. Stoick dashed forwards toward Dagur sword aimed high and strong, but this moment was short lived as Dagur side stepped out of the way and kicked Stoick into the table. Stumbling for a while, Stoick regained his focus only to have done so too late. Behind Dagur and his dead beat smile stood at least ten more soldiers, armed to the teeth. Stoick breathed in and out, getting in a readied stance. Dagur did so too, his soldiers following beforeâ€¦

All of the Berserkers screamed as an unknown blast of fire hit them from behind and knocked them clean off their feet. Stoick had to duck nearly under the table to avoid being crashed into by flying bodies. Dagur's back hit the wall, the force of the shot making him do a flip and hit the wall upside down. He slid off the wall face first into a bucket before flipping back over onto his stomach.

Stoick looked up to see none other than Toothless smiling with no teeth and laughing it up. Stoick would have begun to laugh with the dragon if he hadn't had his mind on someone else.

* * *

><p>Hiccup lay motionless on the floor face down. His lack of energy was beginning to take a toll on his focus, and the gas he kept breathing in was only making it harder for him.<p>

_Get upâ€¦ get upâ€¦ up getâ€¦ _he thought hopelessly as his body refused to listen. He could feel his heart beat pound against his chest and against the floor. The rhythmic beat vibrated throughout his body as if it itself was trying to lift him up. A strange beat that didn't go with his heart's caught his attention. But the sound wasn't a beat it was a small thump.

Surprisingly through the numbness he felt a light weight on his back, and then a chewing noise. Hiccup lifted his eyelids as far as they would go, which wasn't very far, and tried to reposition his head so he could see behind him. He let out a small moan as his arms dropped down to his sides, the strained muscles straightening back out. Coming into his field of vision was the green Terrible Terror that came with him and Toothless. The little guy smiled with his white teeth and flapped his wings up and down as if they were a dog's tail.

Hiccup graciously let a smile form on his lips, before relaxing once more.

"Hiccup!" he heard his father shout, listening as Stoick's footsteps came closer and louder. He felt a hand grasp his shoulder, pushing him over onto his back before his head rested on his father's lap.

Blinking his eyes open just a crack, he saw his dad's worried expression beat down on his limp form. He started coughing from the over exposure to the gas and Stoick quickly lifted him up bridal style and carried him out of the room. Downstairs they were met with Toothless, the black dragon moaning as he saw his rider.

The group came outside and ventured off into the coverage of the trees off in the distance behind the Haddock house.

Stoick sat Hiccup up against a tree; though his vision was clouded by the darkness, the small amount of moonlight coming through the leaves made it just enough for him to see Hiccup's form.

"Hiccup?" he asked fretfully, his eyes wide with fear. He didn't know what that gas was, and he didn't want to find out. All he wanted to know was that his one and only son were going to okay. "Please," he said sorrowfully, "Please be okay, Hiccup."

Another cough escaped Hiccup's lips as his chest heaved for more oxygen.

"Dad?" Hiccup responded in a low, almost inaudible sound. Stoick gasped with shock and great joy that Hiccup was still breathing. He gently grabbed a hold of Hiccup's shoulders and pulled him into a hug.

"It's okay," Stoick said, closing his eyes. "It's going to be okay; I'm not losing you again."

* * *

><p>Wow this chapter took almost a week to be posted, sorry about that. I was a little stumped on how certain things were going to go in a few scenesâ€| that and I was busing myself with other fanfiction stories.

Thanks again for the constant reviews and comments. I really appreciate all of your support!

18. Chapter 18

I don't really see myself as having a wide range of vocabulary. I know it's a good range, but normally if I feel like a word or phrase is being used too much then I find a synonym for it. And even doing that also helps me learn more words! For instance, the word 'foray' randomly came to me for some odd reason and I didn't even know what it meantâ€| I didn't even know it was a word! I typed it in and found out it meant a sudden attack or raid; its synonyms being raid, attack, assault, etc. That was perfect for my story and I stuck it in as part of the title.

I guess it's pretty cool in the fact that I knew the word subconsciously, but if I had to take a dumb test on what words mean, I'd probably get like an 80%. Maybe that's with everyoneâ€| I'm ranting, sorry, BACK TO THE STORY!

Disclaimer: I own nothing

* * *

><p>Stoick released his hold of Hiccup, softly placing him against the tree once more. He breathed in deeply before sighing; looking upon the still form of his son wasn't a pleasant sight. Hiccup was always fidgeting; he always had an opinion and normally expressed it

through body language. When something was obvious, he would make a sarcastic response with a roll of his eyes.<p>

But seeing Hiccup now, he looked small and vulnerable; lifeless almost. He looked like he was in pain, even though his face showed no distraught. Stoick closed his eyes and bowed his head before opening them and lifted his eyes up to his son once more. His attention was solely on Hiccup that he didn't even notice the absence of a certain Night Fury.

Toothless left the chief's side soon after he smelled the gas on his little Hiccup. Knowing exactly what he needed, he left to find a certain berry that had a good history with the people of Berk even though that history has been the span of a few months. Upon his return with the 'antidote' in his mouth, he approached Hiccup and Stoick with a joyous, toothless smile and a coo.

Stoick turned his head around at Toothless' tut and became wide eyed when he saw what the dragon had in his mouth.

"Toothless no!" Stoick quickly grabbed the berries out of his mouth. "I can't afford having you guys going nuts right now." Toothless looked at the chief with an expression of annoyance, but there was something else, like he was trying to tell him something. When Toothless' head got closer to the snow berries, Stoick's hand retracted back further; his eyes narrowing. However, the berries were snatched out of his grip by the Terrible Terror who jumped up and, to Stoick's surprise, ran the berries over to Hiccup. The little green dragon placed the twig of snow berries down on Hiccup's chest before peering back up at Stoick.

Stoick furrowed his eyebrows in thought before his face lit up as a light bulb would.

"This?" Stoick asked pointing at the berries; "This is the antidote?" he picked up the fruit, examining it, before plucking one off and lifting up Hiccup's chin. Hiccup stirred at his touch and fluttered his eyes open.

"Eat this;" Stoick fed the snow berries to Hiccup, "I think it'll help." Sometimes Hiccup was able to chew the fruit, but most of the time he just swallowed the small red balls of sweetness.

The sound of a door being slammed open brought Stoick's attention away from Hiccup and up towards his house. Dagur stumbled out of the house and onto the porch. He ran out into the open and looked up into the sky.

"Where are they?! Where did they go?!" He hollered at his soldiers who also came out of the house. Dagur's direct attention was veered over to Vincent who was just recently approaching the man due to hearing his yelling.

"Sir, what'sâ€œ"

"I was this close!" Dagur made the smallest space in between his pointer finger and thumb, "This close!"

Stoick narrowed his eyes, his eyes drawn back down to Hiccup when he heard him breathe in deeply. His attention was quickly directed back

up to Dagur.

"I want every Hooligan killed! Start with the ones closest to Hiccup!" Dagur yelled.

Stoick's eyes widened as he gasped.

"Oh no," he whispered

"Dad?" Hiccup whispered, his eyes blinking open. He leaned forward with little trouble, Stoick helping him up the rest of the way. While standing, Hiccup clutched his forehead waiting for the blackness to fade from his vision.

"Are you okay?" His father asked.

"Yeah," Hiccup looked up to where Dagur was marching towards the Great Hall. "But they're not going to be." He heard Dagur very clearly as the gas only made him weak, not unconscious.

"We have to save them!" Hiccup said, looking up at his father with determination. Stoick halted him before he could run off.

"We don't even have a plan."

"We do now, I just need to grab the whistle off of my desk and call the dragons."

"Then what?"

"Then we take down Dagur and take back our land."

* * *

><p>This chapter is small, but for a good reason. Chapter 19 will be the last chapter, and will probably be longâ€¦ I want to save all of the excitement for the very end. Thank you all so much to reading my stories and commenting/favoriting/following. Gumshoe is next in the line and will post that when I post the last chapter of ****_Nameless Foray_****.**

I made a cute little Father's Day one-shot called **_Gift of a Son_****. Go ahead and read it if you're interested.**

19. Chapter 19

Well, we've been here many times before; the last chapter of my story. But like all great stories, what comes to an end now will only allow another to come forth.

I keep growing in reviews! Just about 200! I looked back to a couple of my previous stories, **_Consequences**_**, and it got 22,000 some views! Wow, thank you guys!**

REMINDER!** If you are reading this, hopefully you are, that means this chapter is posted. This also means Gumshoe is posted, so once your done just know that Gumshoe is available to you.**

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

* * *

><p>The doors burst open from Dagur's might, both arms pushing either side; the murmur within the crowd was immediately silenced. The many guards that lined the walls and entrance of the Great Hall stood straight at his sudden presence. Dagur approached his prisoners, Vincent and other soldiers following him, each ready to take a command.<p>

Suddenly, Dagur halted his moment, staring daggers into the crowd.

* * *

><p>Hiccup quickly jumped down from the window of his room and ran over to his desk. Picking up the dragon whistle that lay there, he took a deep breath and blew. The invisible sound traveled through the air, reaching the ears of the dragons. Stormfly, Hookfang, Kamel, Meatlug, Barf and Belch all perked their heads up at the call and immediately got up and flew out of the cave; the other dragons present following shortly after. Thornado roared loudly as the ringing hit his eardrums, changing his course away from the seas and towards the Great Hall; other Thunderdrums present following also. The dragons at the cove still guarding the thirteen Berserker soldiers lifted their heads up, flying away as soon as they understood.<p>

* * *

><p>Dagur's eyes fell upon a small group at the front of the crowd. Frowning more, he narrowed his eyes and brought out four throwing knives, each one positioned expertly between the crevasses of his fingers.<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup quickly jumped on top of Toothless, looking at his dad, they both nodded before Toothless and he ran off towards the Great Hall. Stoick watched them leave with determination in his eyes that they'll all get out of this alive.<p>

* * *

><p>"I don't care who gets hit, as soon as you see a drip of blood, attack everyone in sight!" Dagur ordered, holding his knives up at eye level. The soldiers and guards all took out their swords, axes, crossbows and staffs; one by one they got in a battle-ready stance.<p>

Dagur brought his arm back, ready to throw the knives, before something stopped him— a sound; a whistle of some sort, growing louder as if coming closer.

Dagur's eyes widened when it clicked.

"Night Fury!" one of the soldiers behind him yelled. Right after this was sounded; the doors blew open in an amethyst of flames. Both doors were flown forward off of their hinges, landing on two separate groups of Berserkers and trapping them. Coming through the chaos of

purple flames was Toothless himself; sitting on his back was Hiccup. Toothless hissed as he caught sight of his target, Dagur. Said Berserker turned around onto his back from where he was thrown. With a growl and a flick of his legs, he launched upright and threw his knives towards the duo. Toothless fired another bolt of amethyst energy forward, the blast completely disintegrating the knives and heading straight for Dagur. Dagur quickly tucked and rolled out of the way landing on his knees before launching himself forward again to avoid another blast heading his way.

The guards, who had momentarily been stunned from the sudden intrusion, regained their concentration and moved in towards the crowd. But their movements were halted as well, when a hissing sound emitted from the doorway. But upon turning their heads around, they found out it wasn't just one hiss, but a dozen. Dragons upon dragons moved into the Great Hall; the floor, the walls and the ceiling now being covered with different shapes, sizes, and colors all adorned with sharp teeth, horns, spikes and talons.

"Hookfang!" Snotlout yelled out with joy at the sight of his dragon on the wall. Said dragon 'smiled' and began firing at the guards, who ducked and ran towards the open exit. The other dragons began following Hookfang's lead and one by one the guards began to quickly file out of the building.

Toothless and Hiccup had to jump up and hover above the fleeing Berserkers as to not get impaled by their staffs. Hiccup scanned the crowd intently, Dagur being his primary target. A loud, booming roar from outside made him look up before tapping Toothless on the head to go in that direction.

Thornado, with Stoick on his back, was roaring into the crowd, leading the adversaries to the docks. Toothless flew out and up to Thornado, Hiccup called to his father.

"Dad!" As if knowing what Hiccup was going to ask, Stoick pointed his finger towards the village.

"Dagur went that way!" he informed. The two nodded and Hiccup and Toothless flew after Dagur.

Meanwhile, in the Great Hall, the riders were mounting their dragons, even Gobber who randomly picked the same Nadder that assisted them during the Bork week fiasco *(We Are Family part 2 episode)**. Little by little, all the dragons and the Berkians escaped the captivity that was the inner walls of the Great Hall.

In the sky, the teens flew side by side with Stoick and Gobber, their destination being the seas.

"Let's permently drive these Berserkers away!" Stoick called out.

"Yeah, I've waited so long for this!" Snotlout agreed with gusto. "Let's go Hookfang!" Snotlout said, but Hookfang ignored him and fought with him on the direction to go.

"I don't think he agrees with you." Tuffnut commented.

"When does he agree with him?" Ruffnut added her two

cents.

"Stormfly?" Astrid asked as Stormfly was behaving irrational too.

"Hey!" "What are you doing?" The twins complained.

"Girl, what's wrong?" Fishlegs asked with worry.

"They're not listening to us." Stoick observed.

"None of them are!" Gobber said as he looked at the other dragons and their riders.

The dragons looked at each other, as if communicating, as if forming a plan. Suddenly, all of them changed their course, ascending higher up and starting to form a line?

* * *

><p>Toothless landed in the center of the village, he, with Hiccup still on back, walking through the streets in search of Dagur. Hiccup kept his eyes fixated on his surrounds; both he and Toothless scanned the houses and alleys, neither looking the same way to better expand their search.<p>

The streets were empty, stripped of life as everyone else was in the sky with all of the dragons; the Berserkers in the seas on their ships trying to escape. Dagur could be anywhere, and that could cost you anything.

Toothless suddenly growled and veered his head over to the left. Hiccup did so as well when hearing the sound of a tankard fall down onto the stone walkway. Toothless took a step forward, but stopped when Hiccup tapped his head.

"Wait; don't it could be a trap." He said.

"Wow, you are smart; and very observant too." Dagur's voice echoed out from an unknown region. Both rider and dragon began to desperate search for their target, but only a voice was found.

"Where are you Dagur!?" Hiccup hissed loudly.

"Patience Hiccup, didn't your daddy ever teach you that?"

* * *

><p>The dragons formed a giant arrow, almost perfect to the curve; the tip being Thornado and Stoick, the teens and Gobber off to their left and right.<p>

"It's a giant arrow." Fishlegs announced with surprise.

"Sweet!" Tuffnut exclaimed joyfully. "What are we going to do with a giant, dragon shaped arrow?" he finished with a doubt.

Stoick's face lit up in realization. "I know what their planning."

* * *

><p>"Oh wait; he probably didn't even have patience with _you_;" Dagur continued, laughing. "What with being a complete failure and a poor excuse of a Viking, no wonder you were is little embarrassment."

Within the shadows, Dagur began to sneak back behind the duo, Hiccup being his target.

"What, not going to speak; afraid of saying something wrong? It wouldn't be the first time you were wrong." Dagur continued.

Hiccup kept his eyes closed, his face contorted in concentration. He looked as if he were trying to hold in his anger. Toothless, however, kept looking for the evil Viking.

Dagur brought out his bola, giving it a spin a few times before preparing to step out from behind the shadows, behind Toothless and Hiccup.

"Too bad your dragon training only got you this far." Dagur said, stepping out and throwing the bola straight for Hiccup. Within seconds, Hiccup opened his eyes, both he and Toothless turning around. As Toothless was turning around, he began to form a plasma blast in the back of his throat. As soon as he saw the bola, he fired.

The bola got thrown off course and the blast blinded Dagur as it landed right in front of him. From the cloud of amethyst smoke came forth Toothless, the force driving Dagur to the ground, pinned. Toothless' claws kept Dagur's arms down while his back claws kept his legs down. He came inches away from his face, growling and baring his teeth. Dagur flinched when his bad hand began to ache from the force pushing down on it.

"I'm here because I'm not a murderer." Hiccup replied with authority.

A roar from the sky caught both rider and dragon's attention. Hiccup saw the arrow formation,

"Toothless, now!" he said. Said Night Fury lifted his head towards the sky and sounded his sonar.

The sonar reached the dragons in milliseconds, the signal being sent they all took a deep breath before firing all at once. A long arrow shaped line of fire quickly made its way down towards the Berserker ships. However, instead of hitting them, it hit right behind them and into the ocean. The force of the massive blast caused an oversized wave to pick up the entire fleet and carry them off and away from Berk.

Hiccup smiled and returned his attention to Dagur. Toothless kept hold of Dagur's arms and flew up into the air, heading for the sea.

The dragons and Vikings both began to cheer loudly, people waving their arms with smiles, while the dragons looped and twisted in the air.

"Hahaha! Five hundred thousand brave Berserker soldiers my butt!" Gobber yelled, reciting the falsehood of what Dagur first proclaimed.

"Oh, yeah, we so beat them! And it only took ****one**** shot!" Snotlout exclaimed excitedly.

"They know now not to mess with _us_!" Astrid added with equal excitement.

Stoick smiled, turning around to see Hiccup and Toothless fly toward and pass them.

"Hiccup?" he whispered.

The duo flew straight for the Berserker fleet that was retreating. Upon reaching the first boat, and the same one that so happened to be the commanding ship, they dropped Dagur onto the deck. Dagur landed with bent knees, his weight having to transfer onto his hands, but this action was greatly regretted when his bad hand got the most force. He hissed in pain and grabbed his hand.

Still hovering above the ship, "I'm warning you now, Dagur; cross us again and you'll lose a lot more than just a few ships!" With that said, the two made their way back to Berk, back to the place they called home.

* * *

><p>In the Great Hall, sounds of cheer and overall celebration could be heard within. Raising their tankards to a well deserved victory, both dragons and Vikings of Berk celebrated the triumph over the Berserkers. At the back of the Hall stood Stoick, Hiccup, Gobber and the teens with their dragons.<p>

"That was super awesome!" Snotlout said, remember the recent events clearly.

"I didn't even know the dragons could formulate such a plan!" Fishlegs added, greatly shocked and surprised at the dragon's training.

"Well they do have the best trainer." Astrid said, holding her hand at Hiccup, presenting that it's him. Hiccup blushed slightly and looked away.

"Oh yeah, this is yours." She added as she held out the sand dollar. Hiccup took it.

"Thanks." As soon as this was said, Astrid punched him in the arm.

"Ow! What was that for?!"

"That was for scaring me! I honestly thought you were dead!"

"Well Iâ€"his retort was suppressed by a sudden kiss.

"But I'm glad I was wrong." Astrid finished after she pulled away. Now Hiccup was really blushing.

"Ooooooh," Tuffnut said while jabbing his sister with his elbow.

"I'm glad everything is finally backed to normal." Stoick jumped in.

"Well, as normal as things can be around Berk;" Gobber added.

"Thank you, Hiccup. We couldn't have done it without you and the dragons." Stoick said, smiling at his son.

"Thanks dad," Hiccup replied with an equal smile.

"Three cheers for Hiccup and the dragons!" Astrid yelled out to the crowd, holding up her tankard.

As the crowd cheered him on, Hiccup looked over at Toothless, who, in return, gave him a toothless smile. Hiccup smiled back and hugged him.

"I certainly couldn't have done it without you, bud. Thank you." Toothless cooed as he closed his eyes and enjoyed the touch of his rider.

No, thank you

End
file.